20c JANUARY 5, 1953 THE WATERFRONT: LOOT, BLOOD AND POLITICS—page 6

New Republic

John Steinbeck • Lewis Mumford

Marshall Field • Duncan Phillips

Eudora Welty • Mark Van Doren

Elmer Rice • Howard Lindsay

ON

STEVENSON AND THE FUTURE

JAN 3 1953

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Keeping Stevenson Going

● After some concentrated brain-racking and soul-searching between last November 5 and 7, I arrived at last at the obvious conclusion that it is not enough for ordinary citizens to go out and vote every year and to send to various campaign funds the small, haphazard contributions we can afford. Somehow, even those of us who have full-time jobs and low incomes must find a way of *working* for what we consider good government.

Thus, I would gladly work a few extra hours every week for the next four or eight years in support of my deep conviction that we cannot afford to allow a man like Stevenson to be lost in the political shuffle. . . .

Since I saw no immediate way of volunteering for actual work toward this end, I opened, on November 7, a special savings account for "Stevenson in '56," to which I will add approximately one hour's pay every week. . . .

Might I suggest that all those who decide to start a Stevenson savings account, write a short note to him or to National Democratic Party headquarters, pledging a definite weekly amount, the total to be turned over to Mr. Stevenson in time for the '56 campaign. I hasten to add that this plan is sponsored by no group, or party. . . . Enclosed is my monthly contribution to *your* Stevenson fund, which serves a slightly different, more immediate purpose. I believe both immediate and long-range action are needed.

New York, N. Y. DOROTHY T. HIRSCH

● I am somewhat dismayed to read in your correspondence column every week letters that ask that the Stevenson Speaks Program be carried on by an independent organization rather than by the Democratic National Committee.

This latest one by Kay Thomas (*NR*, Dec. 15) gives as her reason that she is "hypersensitive" to the word "Democratic" because in Texas "Democratic" sometimes really means Republican. I suggest that Miss Thomas should work to improve this situation in Texas instead of trying to wean Stevenson away from the Democratic label. I am all for keeping Stevenson going but as far as I can tell Stevenson is proud to be a Democrat. He is the leader of the Democratic Party and I wish to support him as a Democrat through the Democratic National Committee. Let the independents join us.

Whittier, Calif. CLAIRE M. SMITH

● I welcome your suggestion that readers state how they feel about uniting with others of liberal . . . views to keep Adlai Stevenson on radio and television. . . . (*NR*, Nov. 17). I am ready to contribute a nominal amount monthly or quarterly for the next four years in such a cause. The independent committee should be organized to include as many as possible and then divide the cost between them according to each one's ability. This organization should be given a name to indicate its purposes and its ideals as indicated by Stevenson all during the campaign.

This organization should stay organized and keep itself separated from the Democratic National Committee or any city machines—the latter having failed miserably anyway in the last election. Your editorial (*NR*, Nov. 17, "Stubbed Toes and Hardening Arteries") clearly indicated the kind of Democratic Party we should build up during the next four years. If we do the voters will recognize it for what it is after four years of Republican reaction, repression and character persecution. Look what is happening to the UN before the war lords are even in office.

Let the conservatives have the Republican Party; let all liberals, labor and other minorities rally around the Democratic standard symbolized by Stevenson's plain talk and finally have a party of the people supported and paid for by the people—us little people.

Pine Point, Me. JAMES W. BOYCE

[Listed below are names of others who have either sent donations to the *New Republic* to be held in a fund to keep Stevenson on radio or television, or are willing to contribute to such a fund.—THE EDITORS.]

Mildred Gerson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Sophia B. Herschel, Flushing, N. Y.; Mrs. Effie L. Hurley, Hayward, Calif.; Tom Kendall, Walnut Creek, Calif.; Lois Lavett, Corsicana, Tex.; Agnes O'Connor, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dina and Jack Roitburd, New York, N. Y.

The One-Party Press

● Let me first commend you on the fine magazine you get out each week, especially the November 17 issue. How I wish every adult in the US could be made to assimilate the knowledge I have gotten from your magazine the past five years or more. In fact I am convinced that if this nation is to go forward internally as well as being a leader of the world, people must somehow understand the issues and everything there is to be known about candidates. David Lawrence said the other day that most people knew nothing much about the candidates except what they have learned from newspaper headlines a short time before an election. For once I agree with this except that everything the Democrats have stood for has been slammed, slanted, lied about and every bad thing you could think of printed day in and day out the past 20 years. . . . This monopoly of newspapers and other media of information must be counteracted somehow.

Saginaw, Mich. CLYDE JONES

● I can't tell you enough that the *NR* is the only voice now for those of us who went down with Stevenson on November 4. I am more than weary of reading the

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

The Republican Era

Back in town on a pre-holiday visit, Carl Crawford, the polo player, predicts the Republican victory will restore polo to its proper place in the realm of US sports. He reasons thus:

"It naturally takes men of considerable means to own a string of polo ponies and the confiscatory taxes of past years has made them sell their mounts in many cases.

"Now, with some prospect of tax reductions, I believe polo enthusiasts will take a new lease on life."—*From the San Antonio* Light.

Washington's society matrons are looking forward to the change in administrations next month with interest, considerable approval and no little trepidation.

. . . Ugly stories are spreading that Republicans, as a class, are more harder working than Democrats and will be unlikely to step out so much; that they are richer but more parsimonious; that there will be less fun generally. — *From the New York* Times.

Time for a Change

Donald Robinson's "The 100 Most Important People in the World Today" will be published annually by Pocket Books, with changes in the cast as conditions warrant. For the 1953 edition Gen. George Marshall will be among those dropped and Sen. Joseph McCarthy will be added. — *From the New York* Times.

Clean Sweep

Egyptian officials found guilty of past or future corruption or abuse of power were ordered by the Naguib Government to be removed from political life. — *From the New York* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

64736

CONTENTS FOR JAN. 5, 1953

5 Eisenhower and the Responsibilities of the Opposition An Editorial
6 The Waterfront: Loot, Blood and Politics, by Gus Tyler
8 Special Section—What Stevenson Started
15 Herblock and Fitzpatrick Cartoons
18 A World to Win
19 V. Point Four and the Battle for Asia, by Clarence Decker
21 Labors Task in the Precinct by Harold J. Gibbons
22 "The Spur of Insecurity . . . " by Potomacus
24 Literature and the Arts:
24 Orthodoxy and the Standard of Literature, by Allen Tate
25 T. Taylor, *Sword and Swastika*, by Bruce Bliven
26 C. S. Lewis, *Mere Christiantiy*, by A. Powell Davies
26 D. Baumgardt, *Bentham*, by Joseph Frank
27 G. Simenon, *Act of Passion*, by S. M. Fitzgerald
28 Lucidity—Six Varieties, by M. L. Rosenthal
29 H. Smith, *Elizabethan Poetry*, by Henry Popkin
29 Joshua Reynolds, *Portraits*, by Lillian de la Torre
29 Drama and Dramatists
30 Hellman's Indignation, by Eric Bentley

EDITOR, Michael Straight
CHAIRMAN, Editorial Board: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
MANAGING EDITOR: Helen Fuller
LITERARY EDITOR: Robert Richman
REPORTERS: Jean Begeman, Tom Fitzsimmons, Arnold J. Heidenheimer (on leave with the Armed Services)
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Eric Bentley, Drama Critic; Malcolm Cowley; Robert Evett, Music Critic.
CONTRIBUTING CRITICS: W. H. Auden, Dudley Fitts, Kimon Friar, Gerald Johnson, V. O. Key, Max Lerner, Richard Lester, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Mark Schorer, James Johnson Sweeney, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: F. R. Ruskin
COPY ASSISTANT: Lucille Davis

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1953 IN THE USA BY WESTBURY PUBLICATIONS, INC., PUBLISHING OFFICE 301 N ST., N.E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 1416 F ST., N.W., WASHINGTON 4, D.C. BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 40 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 26, 1950, AT THE POST OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3 1879. SINGLE COPY, 20c; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $6.50; CANADA AND FOREIGN, $7.50.

WASHINGTON WIRE

WE TURN a chapter this week. The 83rd Congress meets and Republicans take charge. Top man in the Senate is Robert Taft, and we'll know soon whether he or this chap in the White House is "Mister Republican." Not a man in the new Senate ever served under a Republican President; only 15 House Republicans ever had that electrifying experience. Seniors have been trying to impart on juniors a sense of the revolution. While we interviewed one amiable Republican, rich in seniority, about forthcoming tariff policies he denounced the Administration for some forthcoming piece of anticipated folly, then paused, gulped, and added, "The 'Administration'?—Why, Lord bless me, that's *us*!"

We wish we could impart to readers our own fascination with the Washington show. The great bubble-gum election of '52 sold to voters, with every brilliant artifice of mass-media advertising, a standard-brand product. But what happens now? America's greatest military hero, with moral sincerity glowing in his frank blue eyes, promised the public the greatest collection of self-contradictory panaceas offered in any recent campaign. Now he's in. But for the life of us, we can't figure out the next chapter. What does Doctor Mass-media do after the invalid swallows the nostrum?

We notice already stray items indicating an intention to let the voters down lightly. All that talk about Ike settling the Korean War with no more wasting of American lives seems to have quieted down; seems Ike may even have to increase the war a bit, maybe. The vociferous Scripps-Howard papers which splashed casualty lists on front pages in the election don't bother with them much now. They're lucky even to be reported. One of the Scripps-Howard stable of columnists also entered another field: finances. During the election, you remember, Ike was going to balance the budget right off. But now the columnist reports that researches in Washington by horrified members of Ike's fiscal staff disclose a "situation a lot worse than expected." It's all due to the Democrats! Under the conditions now disclosed, he reports, "coming up with a balanced budget in the first year —or maybe even the first couple of years—will border on the miraculous."

That's a neat line. Ike can't fulfill pledges because the defeated Democrats still stand in the way.

Good old Lippmann comes to bat in the same vein. The "Cold War is going badly," he reports, "perhaps worse than the Eisenhower headquarters realized last summer." Again the Democrats are to blame. So what? Why, says Lippmann, maybe Ike won't be able to give us stronger defenses and all at the same time do it cheaper as he promised. If that proves to be the case; Lippmann concludes, "the country will no doubt support the President, will forget about the campaign talk and will accept the additional burdens." Okay, folks, let's be patriotic, put aside partisanship, unite behind Ike and "forget all about the campaign talk." "Yuh wanta be a buncha soreheads, huh?" It sounds like a good line for mass-media.

All this recalls the little quip going around town dealing with the 1952 bubble-gum campaign in mellow retrospect. "The first time in political history," goes the comment, "that a political party nominated an educated man for the Presidency and he was defeated by a college president."

Looks to us as though an isolationist attack on the UN is building up in Congress and that we shall now be supporting Ike heartily in trying to meet it. McCarthyism and McCarranism lend themselves readily to an anti-foreign attack. The UN is represented as simply

EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a microphone for Moscow; the revelation of questionable employees in the US staff at the UN is offered against it, and critics everywhere insist that the UN is not doing its part in Korea. Do not underestimate this feeling; all over the country schools and libraries are under attack for displaying UN exhibits; the forthcoming muckraking of the schools by Representative Velde's (R, Ill.) House Un-American Activities Committee will probably include this phase. An Associated Press survey finds members of Congress, eight to one, enthusiastically for the proposed constitutional amendment of Senator Bricker (R, Ohio) —a proposal which sounds innocent enough, to specify that foreign treaties may not take precedence over rights and guarantees under the Constitution, but which actually would be a big barrier to international co-operation.

Do you believe that US troops are bearing the chief burden of the Korean War? Probably you do. The facts are these, and friends of the UN ought to spread them: of the 15 UN divisions on the Korean line only five are US; 60 percent of the 155-mile battle front is held by South Korean troops, 25 percent by US troops, and 15 percent by other UN forces. A lecturer just back from tour was astounded at popular ignorance on this point; again and again listeners told him, "But I thought we were doing it all!" Not merely do the ROK troops have their own divisions, they supply 2,500 soldiers, fighting "katusas," to each US division, who are accepted as equals by the GI's. Without the UN, which isolationists are attacking, the US would be lost in Korea.

Notes: Ike's test on water-resource development is Hell's Canyon Dam, Idaho; you might as well learn the name now. . . . Issue here is whether the government will build a private project one-third the size. . . . The NY *Times* front-paged a story "Sixteen prominent Republicans . . . declared today that Republican victory in November would speed enactment of a FEPC law with adequate enforcement powers"; last week Ike said, "No."

Washington, D. C. T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

one-party press; I am more than tired of being called, not in so many words, a traitor or un-American because I happen to believe in the principles of the New Deal and the Fair Deal and the Democrat Party as a whole; I am more than disgusted with the obvious chicanery of the victors. I feel that the *NR* will keep up the good fight and that it, more and more, will assume the role of the periodical, the "newspaper," as it were, of the opposition. There are a few other such opposition papers, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, to mention two. . . .

Bloomington, Ind. E. R. HAGEMANN

● . . . The Oakland *Tribune* . . . and four equally reactionary San Francisco newspapers are the only local papers available to the huge Bay Area population.

I appreciated your article on "The One-Party Press" (*NR*, Nov. 17) which the *Tribune* refers to as "silly and tendentious." Although anyone with an IQ over 32 surely can see how one-sided the press is, it is nice to be able to verify one's knowledge by reading direct proof such as you offered. . . .

Oakland, Calif. ANN ABBOTT

CCC

● While most people busy themselves with preparations for the holiday season around a fireside in a cozy home, some will remember or purposely forget bleak Christmas holidays spent in CCC camps (Civilian Conservation Camps) during the long, dreary economical and psychological depression years (1930s). . . .

The Civilian Conservation Corps made an imperishable contribution to these United States. Look about you! . . . Highways, bridges, dams, levees, swimming beaches, fire trails, fire towers, communication systems, productive farms, magnificient tree plantations, lakes and streams, parks and forests, the playgrounds of America. . . .

The CCC camps are gone and forgotten by all but a few. A new generation of youth have appeared for whom CCC has only vague significance if any. . . . In a world of political, economic and social conflict, where millions are uprooted, where millions starve . . . there is need for a new CCC.

Washington, D. C. CLARENCE C. CASE

[Mr. Case hopes that alumni of CCC will send him a postcard bearing their names and current addresses. His address is 1650 Park Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C.—THE EDITORS]

A Stevenson Volunteer

● As a member of the Volunteers-for-Stevenson organization, I would like to give my post-election views.

Needless to say, the election results certainly did not turn out the way I had hoped and anticipated. But—and let there be no doubt about this—Adlai Stevenson has risen above his defeat by his honor and by his integrity. I sincerely believe that no figure in modern times has become so endeared to millions as had Adlai E. Stevenson! He has become a symbol of hope and belief in our future; and he has begun a new pattern composed of honesty and of "talking sense" which the politicians of the future would do well indeed to heed.

As a campaign worker, I have seen much evidence of the trust and faith placed in this man. I have seen hundreds of post-election letters pouring into our office; and, of this group of letters, some explain why they voted for his opponent and, though they were happy the General won, they were also regretful that Adlai lost! This, in itself, is amazing—so many people writing to a candidate to explain *why* they voted for his opponent!

The best way to sum up this post-election reaction of the general electorate would be, I suppose, to tell about a letter we received from a voter who explained that, having voted for General Eisenhower, he was naturally happy when he won, but that he couldn't help crying when he realized Adlai had lost!

Working with the volunteer organization, I evidenced every day the Governor's unique appeal and the enthusiasm he wrought from many. I seriously doubt if there has ever before been such a group of eager and enthusiastic volunteer workers. Their insurmountable devotion to Adlai Stevenson and to his ideals, principles and beliefs was, and still is, undeniable. This had been for most, if not all, a first venture into political affairs; but the inexperience was far surpassed by the zeal and fervor with which they tackled their big job. . . .

I certainly do not believe that our candidate lost! Judging from the enormous amount of mail that has poured into his Springfield office alone—80,000 as of this writing—I would not hesitate to say that Adlai Stevenson has won. He has won the respect and admiration of this country and of the world.

Of course, no one can foretell what will happen in 1956, but one thing I do know: that millions more will become acutely aware of the fact that Adlai Stevenson is capable and well-qualified to become a great President! And, I also know that there are millions who are hoping and praying that this great man will yet become our President.

Elmhurst, Ill. MARILYN R. WALKER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME 128, NUMBER 1, ISSUE 1988, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 5, 1953 **New Republic**

EISENHOWER AND THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE OPPOSITION

THE EISENHOWER ADMINISTRATION is formed, and its character is clear. Never, despite the new President's promise that he will represent all the people, has a national administration been created on such narrow class lines. Even the Republican Party politicians have been largely excluded from the lists of candidates for high office drawn up by Eisenhower's business and banking advisers. Apart from a few isolated exceptions, the government of the United States is now turned over to the lawyers and directors of a handful of interlocking giant corporations.

Our natural resources are to be governed by an ally of the power companies; our foreign policy by the nation's leading international corporate lawyer. Commercial policy is the province of a corporation director; the nation's finances are controlled by two representatives of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and the head of a coal and steel empire. The Defense Department is led by the president of General Motors, a corporation with $2 billion outstanding in defense contracts. Under him, an aviation banker serves as Air Secretary, a textile magnate as Secretary of the Army, a Texas oil lawyer as Secretary of the Navy. In agriculture, among the 14 advisers chosen to shape farm policy, 13 are spokesmen for the meat, cotton and wool lobbies, the banks, the large farms and the conservative state colleges; one man represents five million small farmers; none, 60 million consumers. Beyond this Eisenhower will complete the process Truman started of making the regulatory agencies the tools of the industries they were created to police.

Eisenhower has staked America's future on his theory that big government is a big business, best run by big businessmen. The theory, we believe, is unsound. Quite apart from the traditional hostility of business toward government, and its historic lack of feeling for the political aspirations and needs of the nation and the world, government and business are wholly unlike each other. Leadership in government requires freedom from any particular viewpoint and prejudice, courage in overcoming the selfishness of private interests, patience in the give and take of Congressional liaison, and tolerance in the tortuous workings of government by consent. Giant industry breeds these qualities out of its leaders.

Every administration gains by the presence of intelligent, constructive opposition. For Eisenhower, if he retains some flexibility of character, the nature of the opposition can mean the difference between success and catastrophe. But the very forces which brought about his victory, seem likely now to deprive him of this invaluable asset, and so to ensure his ultimate failure.

First, the extremely narrow, class base of the Eisenhower Administration must breed irresponsibility in the opposition. The workers and farmers of America feel no close kinship for the presidents of our corporations and banks, and they will tend to lose what kinship, or responsibility they feel for government, when the call for greater effort and sacrifice comes from men of wealth against whom they have fought for higher earnings.

Second, the selection and suppression of news by the one-party press, will breed ignorance in the opposition. What facts are presented to the public, to justify hard decisions will be rejected, in the general attitude of suspicion that the one-party press has brought on itself.

Third, the continuing attack on teachers, labor leaders, writers, artists and intellectuals of all kinds who do not conform to prevailing prejudices will go far in suppressing the emergence of new ideas, and the development of new leadership on which forward-looking opposition and democracy itself depend. And while McCarranism and McCarthyism have held out the liberals and the left-wing as their targets, they are fastening on the whole nation habits which can, just as easily be directed against conservatives, Catholics and businessmen, when an opposition accustomed to intolerance, takes power.

The last Republican Administration ended in the great depression. It led, by happy chance, to the New Deal. There is less chance today that a new depression will lead to a liberal victory. In any event, the price of disaster may be more than the world can afford. The last depression brought Adolf Hitler to power and led directly to the Second World War. Today the stakes are higher, the penalties far greater for failure. We cannot afford to look forward to catastrophe as the midwife of reform.

That is why Adlai Stevenson, his spirit of moderation and reason, courage and integrity and the people he brought into action must not be allowed to fall into inaction and silence today. The responsibilities of the opposition may be to the future rather than to the present. They are, none the less, real.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WATERFRONT: LOOT, BLOOD AND POLITICS

by Gus Tyler

IN A SENSE, the New York waterfront is a vocational rehabilitation center. When a man gets out of prison, he needs a job. The men who rule the piers and wharves of the New York harbor provide it. Indeed, in their eagerness to speed the criminal vocational rehabilitation, they have signed men up for jobs even before they were out of the jug, and, in some cases, have even arranged to get a man out a bit ahead of time.

In New York harbor the underworld garrots all other elements by its rough grip on "public loading." It's an unnecessary business, made indispensable by the threat of sabotage, terror and murder. "Loading" consists of taking freight off ships and putting it on trucks, sometimes with an intermediate step of letting it sit on the dock for a while. If a truckman tries to do his own loading—a perfectly logical procedure—he is kept waiting, finds his goods damaged, or is just plain beaten up.

It was calculated that the public loaders pocket an estimated $20 million a year: a heavy load to be added to New York consumers' final bill. The $20 million is the open, legal fee and does not include the additional millions we now know have been paid to the loading bosses to buy their good will as well as their "services." And to this must be added an estimated $140 million lost annually through theft and pilferage on the waterfront.

And the loading boss—criminal pivot of the waterfront—is not content with loot from truckers and shippers; he also has special devices for skinning the working stiffs.

The method of enforcing this uneconomical policy is murder.

To date, there has been little protest by the shipping companies and stevedoring outfits. This silence stems partly from fear; partly from the belief that companies get cheap labor this way. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt of the result: business has put up with the gangs. It has done so over many decades. It has done so despite one investigation after another, revealing the facts to the public.

Occasionally there is revolt among the men, the strong-backed dockwallopers. One such, on the Brooklyn piers, was led by Peter Panto. But for fellows like Panto, there was quick medicine—as described in the vivid testimony of Tick Tock.

Gus Tyler is political director of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

Tick Tock Tannenbaum, some time in the summer of 1939, was engaged in friendly conversation with his friend Mendy, little aware of the foul deed little Mendy had just committed jointly with Ferraco, referred to as Dirty Face by his friends, and with Albert Anastasia, commonly referred to as the Lord High Executioner of Murder, Inc. In Tick Tock's words:

I said, "What happened to you? Where did you get all those scratches? What did you do, fight with some girl?" He said, "We had a close one the other night." I said, "Yeah." So he goes on to tell me that Ferraco, Anastasia and himself were in a house waiting for somebody to bring some wop out there that they were supposed to kill and bury. He said, "The guy just stepped into the door and must have realized what it was about and he tried to get out. He almost got out." He said, "It's a lucky thing I was there. If I wasn't there he would have got away. I grabbed him and mugged him. He started to fight and he tried to break the mug, and that's when he scratched me, but he didn't get away." I said, "What was it about?" He said, "It's Panto, some guy Albert had a lot of trouble with down in the waterfront and he was threatening to get Albert into a lot of trouble. He was threatening to expose the whole thing, and the only thing Albert could do was to get rid of him. He tried all sorts of different ways to win him over but he couldn't do anything with him. He had to kill him."

This straightforward piece of narrative was a sworn deposition, given by Mr. Tannenbaum to Edward A. Heffernan, Assistant DA to then District Attorney William O'Dwyer, in February, 1941. Heffernan put the testimony in the file and there it lay buried until the State Crime Commission found it 11 years later.

In the intervening decade what happened to Albert Anastasia, key man of waterfront terror? Exactly nothing. He is alive and well and able to make gruff appearances before the State Crime Commission. Why? Well, that takes us into the politics of New York:

District Attorney William O'Dwyer never followed up the Panto case against Anastasia because, according to a recent O'Dwyer statement from Mexico, the dead body was *found in New Jersey* and hence was outside O'Dwyer's Brooklyn jurisdiction. But, in 1941, according to John J. Beslin, Bergen County, N. J., prosecutor, O'Dwyer told New Jersey to keep hands off Anastasia because the murder was *committed in Brooklyn!*

According to Marcy Protter, Panto's lawyer, O'Dwyer offered to break the Panto case in exchange for political support. "I understood from the conversation," said Protter, "that the price of this act [prosecuting the Panto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killers] was that I was to obtain the support of . . . the American Labor Party." The ALP did not endorse O'Dwyer in 1941, and the Panto case sat in the files.

Anastasia, however, was still in trouble because of the now famous Diamond killing. But suddenly the case became imperfect. Abe Reles, the key witness, was wanted in California to testify against Bugsy Siegel, but O'Dwyer wouldn't let this valuable man go. Instead, he put him under protective custody in the Half Moon Hotel in Brooklyn. Although under heavy police guard, Reles was found dead outside the hotel. The police captain in charge of the protective detail explained that Reles liked to tease the police by climbing out his window to the floor below—just for the laughs. In one such boyish prank, he just fell out the window to his death.

In 1945, four years after bungling of the case against Anastasia, O'Dwyer's term as district attorney was investigated by a special grand jury—headed by Charles Beldock. The Grand Jury found that "every case against Anastasia was abandoned, neglected, or pigeonholed"; and that "O'Dwyer, as district attorney, and Edward A. Heffernan, chief of staff, failed and neglected to complete a single prosecution against Anastasia."

Beldock and the grand jury petitioned Governor Dewey to continue the jury. Although O'Dwyer had just been elected Mayor of New York (November, 1945) there were rumors of moves to oust him from office on the basis of the findings. Dewey, however, *dissolved* the Grand Jury and the matter was dropped.

When Kefauver came to New York, the whole case, minus a few of the more recent revelations indicated on these pages, was televised. Now the State Crime Commission, picking up the threads of the Kefauver investigations, seems to be weaving the strands into a tight rope for somebody's neck.

The State Crime Commission will be given funds to carry it through March, 1953—with additional funds after that should new expenditures be needed. That means that the State Crime Commission can set the stage for the 1953 municipal election in New York City, when Gotham picks itself a new mayor and a new city council. The waterfront revelations will weigh heavily against the local Democratic Party machine. Other evidence unearthed by the SCC—such as the Tammany association of Three-Finger Brown, underworld successor to Frank Costello, and the purchase of judgeships—can be used to beat down the regular Democratic machine.

It has been charged publicly that the SCC has been weighing its findings for political effect. When Thomas Lucchese (Three-Finger Brown) was brought before the Crime Commission, everyone was expecting a searing exposé of his links with Mayor Impellitteri, since Lucchese was first brought prominently to public attention by Republican mayoralty candidate, Edward Corsi, in 1950, who charged that Three-Finger was Impellitteri's right arm. At the SCC, however, Brown was quizzed heavily on his Tammany associations, lightly on his Impy ties, and hardly at all on his Republican cronies. Because it was a Republican, Sen. Arthur Wicks, who got Lucchese his Certificate of Good Conduct to restore his citizenship rights, some New Yorkers demanded further quizzing of the Three-Fingered One on his GOP connections. This was not forthcoming, however, because the SCC had signed a stipulation with Lucchese to question him so far and on such and such a matter and no further on any other matters.

While the government of New York City *may* be the prize plum, picked up by the GOP from the hearings (there still is the problem of how to squeeze Rudolph Halley out of the picture), other political moves are rumored. The most direct of these is a Dewey proposal for court reform, a modified Missouri Plan to allow the Governor to appoint from a list of names submitted by a non-partisan panel. The evidence about buying judgeships, submitted to the State Crime Commission, was slanted toward court reform. If this court plan goes through and if the machine Democrats lose New York City next fall, then the old city organization will be totally without patronage. That starvation diet could kill the old Tammany tiger.

Finally there is another rumor that Dewey is ready to take on the job of cleaning up the waterfront. He may do this in time to let his extremely able Lieutenant-Governor Frank Moore step into the gubernatorial shoes in preparation for 1954's state election. Simultaneously, Dewey could do a job, if he wishes, that will hardly get done by the present city administration. When Impellitteri decided to face the menace of the waterfront, he did so by appointing a commission headed by Bill McCormack, the same McCormack who has been labelled Mr. Big of the harbor. In a remarkable piece of prose, McCormack found, not six months ago:

> A problem of such magnitude, involving huge expenditures and engineering studies, is not readily solved.
>
> But while delay is added to delay, man-made clouds of vilification and distortion are being thrown up by self-proclaimed experts whose knowledge of the waterfront must have been gained during a ferry ride to Staten Island.
>
> Some of them sit at typewriters and conjure up loan sharks and petty racketeers, skulking in remote corners of some of the city's 198 piers, blaming them for the conglomeration of ills plaguing this great port.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT STEVENSON STARTED

THE BOLD, *profound character of Gov. Adlai Stevenson's imagination, courage and humanity caught and held the respect and loyalty of our foremost thinkers. Many who had turned from the political scene in dismay now found themselves fully engaged. The "Stevenson Spirit" demanded their best attention and effort—they gave freely. Now the* New Republic *has invited many of these leadingwriters, artists and scholars to evaluate that "spirit" and to indicate what present and future contributions might be made to continue it. Their answers follow.*

ADLAI STEVENSON defined a free country as one in which it is safe to be unpopular. Certainly that should be the quality of a free country and the evidence of its being free. Under Mr. Stevenson's strict definition the United States has frequently failed in this respect. We cannot claim at the present moment to be completely a free country. It is my hope that Mr. Stevenson will continually remind us of this principle and that his leadership will help us to establish it. **Howard Lindsay**

AN INVITATION to send a New Year's message to you is a high honor and I feel it. Maybe this greeting can find its place as word from a little group normally quiet. This writer knows of people here and there like herself, previously political ignoramuses (we now feel a fellowship)—well-intentioned ever, but not ever, in the sense of being personally involved, concerned deeply by a political campaign until this year. Then, with your appearance on the national scene, we found out how deeply concerned we could be. The climax of the election changed nothing of that (but for heartbreak) and we are finding that the conception you gave us of politics prevails steadily over the news of the day, and stirs us still —that we think more about what your campaign revealed, through its challenge and its defeat, than about anything that could happen to obscure it.

The moving fact emerged for us that the voice of the passionate intelligence speaks to the whole range of the mind—in politics as well as in poetry. This intelligence so charged to communicate, so shaped in responsibility and impelled with learning and curiosity, so alight with imagination, from the start couldn't be denied for what it is; it could be resisted only—another kind of recognition. It challenges still, and what was said in the campaign remains said, clear to and beyond the finish of any race. If defeat has obstructed our hearing it just now, the wait is not silence but suspense. One of our problems as voters (for all I know, the oldest and hardest problem) is how soon and how fully we can accommodate greatness—honor it, not punish it, because it *is* greatness, and different all in courage from the run of things. If you yourself were remote from us now, and off in history, we'd take you for granted like a shot.

It was an odd sidelight, and not in the human way belittling of the events, that while this campaign was going on, it was to a good many people like something symbolic of what happened inside themselves at a crisis. Besides everything else, it was also that modest struggle, at home in any breast, between cherished hope and ardent belief and what always assails it—being played out clear across the American continent on crowded platforms and from the back ends of trains. (This illusion may of course have been the case with the other side, too, though Stevenson people were the only ones I heard mention it.)

If it *was* their chiefest inner convictions translated for the time being to the huge fateful stage of the outside world—to politics—there to get whacked, too—it was because at last somebody had got up and represented those convictions and brought them to bear on the scene, life-size and first-hand.

The support—the non-support, too—of any candidate must needs be a personal matter—one that will explore the voter's will, and willingness, his capacity, his vision, as well as the candidate's out front. But when was that ever as clear as this time, or as challenging?

Governor Stevenson, we brag on having you, and send wishes to you on New Year's to keep your health, but that's just our pleasure. Practicality at the earliest opportunity would become well-wishers more. We don't want to lose to even a short oblivion the candidate whose declared guiding concern it is to see man stand up in the dignity of reason, to take his place as a being of sentience and nobility in the sight of God. With that we were shown the compassionate side of a coin that rings forever with the purity and fierceness of that desire whose other side was the anger of Swift.

As our candidate you put that wish into the act, and took part in a campaign that would have cost any man a great deal, the man with selfless vision the most; for which we owe the debt. We are grateful for what you did, and our confidence reposes in you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some plan is doubtless in the making somewhere to ask more of you. Whatever your own design for the future may be, our belief in you has implicated us already. And whoever feels this must want to say on New Year's, as as I have the chance to, that all we've learned from the year past is now a start on the future, so that we can give more practical evidence of our belief in working along with you when the time comes.

Eudora Welty

WHEN ADLAI STEVENSON first addressed the Democratic Convention last July, a new voice spoke to America. This new voice had the ring of older voices, the voice of Emerson and Walt Whitman, of Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson: it breathed the confidence of the pioneer and the conscience of the puritan. For all the lightness of Adlai Stevenson's manner, he spoke as one given to reflection and moral judgment, adept at stern self-examination, aware of the human need for purposes beyond material success or physical survival. Perhaps, we hoped, those clean words would even awaken America from its slothful fantasies of atomic extermination, lunar space stations and etherized bliss.

That voice was like a spring wind blowing from the prairies; but it was not for any novelty of thought that so many of us listened to it with a growing smile of delight. What encouraged us was the very manner of Stevenson's utterance, his humility, his humor, his quiet reasonableness, the dignity of a man who addressed his countrymen without condescending vulgarities, on the high level that befits a serious occasion. Through all the pressures of the campaign that voice never failed us. Even when Stevenson's body sagged with fatigue the style remained upright. His quick candor and steadfast moral discrimination stayed with him to the end. Listening to Adlai Stevenson, we felt close once more to the core of the American tradition. He seemed to banish self-induced fear, malevolent suspicion, scurrilous accusation, irrational hatred, hateful irrationality; those dark projections, mirror images of their counterpart in Soviet Russia, sank back into the turbid waters of the American unconscious when Stevenson spoke.

There was more than one moment during the campaign when it seemed as though, through the mouth of Adlai Stevenson, the man we had expected Eisenhower to be was actually speaking, attempting to clarify the real issues before the American people, seeking, with a soldierlike resolution, to make his countrymen face hard realities that words could not soften nor glib promises dispel. It was as if Adlai Stevenson had become General Eisenhower's guardian angel, whose mission was to recall him to his better self. In the days to come, this moral office may be Stevenson's best contribution to our country; for, by his very freedom from official responsibility, he may bring the authority of reason and conscience to the analysis of the errors that now so widely threaten our liberties and our lives: . . . The plans for security that have made the whole world insecure . . . the plans for victory that guarantee our moral defeat. . . . the plans for survival that would extinguish every good reason for wishing our country and our civilization to survive. . . .

More than Adlai Stevenson's election was at stake during the last campaign: from the first he realized that and never lost sight of the educational opportunities of the campaign. But we who rallied to his leadership were simple-minded, or at least over-hopeful, if we thought that one lone man could, almost overnight, undo the weaknesses of his own political party, challenge the even more grievous mistakes that had been shared by all parties and groups, and bring the country back to its senses. That was too large an order: so large, indeed, that Adlai Stevenson never got around to discussing the most important problem of all, so far totally ignored: the unexamined and unchallenged premises upon which our statesmanship and our military preparations have been based.

There was, indeed, much that Adlai Stevenson, speaking for his country as well as for his party, could probably take pride in, when he looked back over the record of the last 20 years. By the unexampled vision and generosity of the Marshall Plan, offered at first even to Soviet Russia and her satellites, we had taken a mighty step toward both a world rehabilitation and a world peace. So, too, by our resolute stand in Korea, however poorly our army was equipped to back it up, we had saved the United Nations from an ignominious submission to unsanctioned power. But despite these positive measures, we had, at the same time, pursued an over-all military policy that has contradicted and negated, indeed infamously denied, the very principles upon which our country, indeed, civilization itself is based. This policy, framed first against our enemies in the Second World War, has in fact so expanded the area of insecurity, and irrational fear, that possibly, if a showdown with Russia came, our present allies would swiftly melt away: they might prefer the certainty of eventual enslavement to the possibility of immediate extermination.

How far is this situation understood? Adlai Stevenson's public utterances give no answer to this question: the only thing that justifies the assumption that he must be aware of the issue is the vivid presence of his moral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscience. He said, during the campaign, that it is better for a candidate to lose an election than to part with his self-respect. This is no private truth: it applies equally to the affairs of nations. If the price of victory over Soviet Russia were the opening of a series of extermination camps, in which each of us as a public duty would have to practice torture after the Nazi model, we would, I hope, collectively vomit at the very thought of a victory bought by such means. We would know that America would surely survive and recover its freedom even if we were temporarily defeated in war; but that nothing of America would survive if we accepted that horrid alternative.

Unfortunately we are still committed (in event of a final showdown with Russia) to a policy that threatens to exterminate human life on a far wider scale, though, apart from the certainty of retaliation, it calls only for our vicarious participation. For the fact is that during the Second World War, our leaders made a decision equally revolting to decency and sanity: the adoption of the Fascist method of the "obliteration bombing" of non-military targets: cities and civilians. The moral evil of this policy has been rivalled only by its terrifying practical consequences. Our continued concentration on methods of wholesale extermination, by atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, bacterial weapons, has not only enfeebled our capacity to resist Soviet Russia by military effort, but actively promises, should war ever break out, to turn the whole planet into one vast plague house and extermination camp. At that moment the victors and the victims would be indistinguishable. The proper term for that kind of security is suicide.

This fateful decision still remains unexamined, uncriticized, unrepented, above all uncorrected. As a result the United States has forfeited military effectiveness and lost effective political initiative. Our original miscalculation, through thinking we had the exclusive possession of a weapon Soviet Russia could not successfully imitate, re-enforced the sin we committed in exchanging the limited violence of war for indiscriminate and unlimited genocide. Now, ironically, our country—to say nothing of our even more vulnerable allies—is in far greater jeopardy than Soviet Russia. Only a change in our methods and purposes can produce an effective defense against Russian aggression, in which the rest of the world will firmly and heartily join. And only by awakening to the need for such a change can we hope to frame a policy for world peace that will, in time, counteract the very psychosis our actions—born of our own self-induced fear and buried guilt—have helped to build up.

Here is a matter on which our silence is our shame. Without open public discussion our leaders have undermined the elementary human decencies and put human life in danger throughout the planet. Professing only that we must prepare for "total war" we have allowed moral robots to commit us to actions that could be justified only in a world from which human values and human hopes had already been expelled. That nihilism undermines every hopeful effort. Neither weapon nor strategy has been forced upon us: there are many valid alternatives to the actual policy we have pursued. Even today it is not too late to be human. With different purposes, different plans, different methods, we might still rally the whole world to a constructive peace Soviet Russia would not dare to violate.

There is something more important than victory, Adlai Stevenson has reminded us: we must be able to live with ourselves after we have achieved it. To understand the full meaning of those words, as they relate to our national plans for war and peace, will take courage and humility; for we must first acknowledge a moral failure for which every American, through passiveness or indifference, if not through positive action, bears some degree of responsibility. Who better than Adlai Stevenson can awaken our country to the grave reality of this situation? Who can give us the heart to be fully human again, no matter how great the immediate risk or how heavy the possible sacrifice? No other public leader, one may say confidently, is so well qualified to recall us to our moral senses. And once we awaken he may likewise aid us in producing bolder plans with more human purposes, plans that will not merely terminate the Cold War but lift from our threatened youth the nightmare of a meaningless sacrifice for an ultimately meaningless—because nihilistic—goal.

Lewis Mumford

I CANNOT imagine that Adlai Stevenson will be forgotten, and I cannot believe that he will find it difficult to take excellent care of himself during the next few years. Those who admire him most should be the most willing to let him say and do what he pleases—just as he seems inclined to let the rest of us do likewise. He has said that he did not wish to "lead," and such a scruple ought to be respected. The highest tribute we can pay him is to speak our own best thoughts in our own way whenever occasions exist. Meanwhile let us beware of supposing we can help in any directer fashion so witty, so serious, and sensible a man.

Mark van Doren

AS ADLAI STEVENSON retires to private life millions of Independents in the United States are comforting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves with the thought that his campaign of 1952 was not an end but a magnificent beginning. In or out of office he is now our spokesman, for he has spoken as we had never dared to hope a candidate could speak.

He said "better we lose than mislead the people." He said that we must be sound and strong in our long resistance to a monster tyranny so that civilization can survive. He said that in sharing our strength with the far-flung coalition of the free we must certainly never grudge our help to nations whose help we need and that in preserving the peace we must not act alone but must preserve also the United Nations. He said that only in guarding our Bill of Rights and our own civil liberties can we deserve the respect of all mankind. He said we must avoid not only reckless act but "frantic boast and foolish word"; that "to strike at freedom of the mind with the fist of patriotism," to suspect everyone and accuse without evidence is to adopt the inquisitorial methods of our enemy and lose our heritage. Again and again he said that we must persist in patience, that we must keep the war in Korea from spreading, function with good works and good will wherever we can, endure our sacrifices and our tensions until with God's help we have passed from anxiety and darkness to security and light.

In or out of office Adlai Stevenson is now our standard bearer since he has raised a standard which clears our minds with sense and satisfies our souls with vision. His is the voice of a wise, mature and nobly civilized American. Both political parties can admire a liberal who combines qualities of Jefferson and Lincoln. His speeches were not immoderate and impractical in their idealism. They breathed the tempered, classic spirit of a philosopher who knows that we cannot "hurry history."

For himself as a candidate there was a noble acceptance of and dedication to an arduous ordeal which in humility he had not sought and which with his unfailing shrewdness he must have realized was fraught with the probability of failure. Minds apparently had been made up from the beginning for the change which so many seemed to want so much. Any other year against any other candidate Stevenson might have won. He showed us what a splendid day it will be when a candidate does win a majority of the people's votes by talking to them as he did, trusting their intelligence, their sense of relative values, their innate idealism, talking with conscientious restraint and scrupulous honesty, frankly, fearlessly, brilliantly, always the gentleman, the scholar and the artist. Even if he never occupies the White House, his countrymen for five months have taken to their minds and hearts a truly great Presidential personality. It was a great experience for him and for us. His charming humor and keen wit, his suddenly flashing smile, his apt quotations, his poetic feeling for our country and its varied landscape, his definition of patriotism—"not as frenzied outbursts of emotion but as the tranquil and steady devotion of a lifetime"—all that and more can never be forgotten. We would like to keep hearing his voice; the at first hesitant and later the resonant crispness of his diction and to see him too on our television screens.

But he is more than a great personality. We cannot let him go with a sigh for what might have been. If ever there was a time for a bipartisan foreign policy in a unified nation that time is now, and Stevenson is needed in action no less than in thought. The Democratic Party must make an effort to maintain itself on his level. The Republican Party can use his intellect and imagination. In or out of office he is the spokesman and the standard bearer of many millions of Independents. The incoming administration could utilize them as a curb to narrow partisanship and to selfish interests and pressure groups. May the year 1953 bring Stevenson nearer to that opportunity for free world leadership which we still feel must be his destiny.

Duncan Phillips

IT WAS, I think, H. L. Mencken, who, in the heyday of his assaults upon the booboisie, proposed that election of public officials by popular ballot be abolished, and, by way of compensation, the mob be permitted to indulge its passion for voting, by choosing its favorite movie star. Perhaps he was only half-serious, but there are moments when even the most ardent champion of democracy has misgivings. The dismal evidences of waste, inefficiency and corruption, in all governmental ranks, and even more, the feeble intellectual and moral equipment of many successful candidates, often make one doubt that the exercise of universal suffrage can really result in good government.

A short article is hardly the place for an examination of this complex question (even if I were qualified to make it). However, two reasons can be stated for continuing faith in democracy, in spite of repeated discouragements. The first is that while theoretically—and sometimes practically—government by an artistocratic, economic, military, religious or intellectual elite, may be more efficient and purposeful, any uncontrolled, self-constituted group eventually becomes primarily occupied with the perpetuation of its own power, at the expense of the underlying population.

Secondly, since democracy is organic rather than mechanical, it is characterized not merely by confusion, in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consistencies and failures, but by variety, flexibility and growth. It is based upon belief in the perfectibility of the many, not the perfection of the few. As an implement in man's struggle for self-betterment, democracy has rich and exciting potentialities.

Still, like any tool it is no better than the use to which it is put. There is always the danger that ignorance, superstition and selfishness will lead to misuse. Only the conviction that man is educable and capable of intelligent freedom of choice sustains the hope that he will employ the tool with increasing skill and to constructive ends.

That is the real issue in our political contests. One man, one vote is a good, in fact the only workable, democratic principle. But that does not mean that every man is as wise or as well-intentioned as his neighbor. Such equalitarianism is nonsensical and contrary to the facts of life. Since democratic choices depend upon counting heads, it is obvious that popular selections seldom, if ever, represent the highest standards of thought or feeling in the community. Certainly, popular taste in the arts, in food and drink, in religion, in social relationships is not at the highest levels. (One can say that without being either an egg-head or a snob.) Taste and judgment are partly innate, partly acquired. There will never be a universal plane of appreciation and perception. Life would be pretty dull if there were.

However, what is vitally important—and too often overlooked—is that every individual has a fairly wide range of understanding and behavior. Experience with children demonstrates that anti-social tendencies can be converted into useful activities and that destructive impulses can be given healthy outlets. It may be harder with adults, but it can be done. Of course, it takes thought and effort. Most parents find it less trouble to spank, to bribe, or simply to bewail juvenile perversity, just as most caterers to adult taste find it easier to serve up greasy food, lurid tabloids, stupid movies and banal broadcasts. The average man may not be, as somebody has said, considerably above the average; but he is certainly not, as the providers of cultural and spiritual fare assume, considerably below it. If these purveyors were men of courage and vision, who put the public good above self-interest, and consistently aimed at the upper limits of the individual's range, rather than the lower, the whole level of American thought and feeling could be perceptibly raised in very short order.

The political corollary is clear. The politician's appeal, stripped of its high-sounding platitudes and phony idealism, is usually to the bottom of the voter's gamut. Instead of trying to stimulate generosity, fellowship and civic pride, the candidate for office addresses himself to cupidity, bigotry, clannishness and fear.

The difference in approach is vividly illustrated by the respective performances of Sen. Richard Nixon and Gov. Adlai Stevenson in the recent campaign. Senator Nixon's whole routine—particularly of course, the famous autobiographical television skit—was clearly based on the theory that the more you play down to your audience, the bigger the hand. (Or as Bernard Shaw put it: "Vulgarity in a king flatters the majority of the nation.") This is not surprising, for the Nixon campaign was invented and produced by the advertising fraternity, whose creed is that when you are selling soap there is no such thing as being too corny.

At the other end of the scale was Governor Stevenson. From the beginning, his campaign was a shock and a revelation. A relatively unknown man, his opening announcement that he intended to talk sense to the American people, seemed just a new gimmick, dreamed up by a clever gag-writer. When he actually talked sense—lucid, cogent, witty sense—the American people sat up and began to listen. For here was something new: an office-seeker, who talked not down, but straight at you, who appealed to your intelligence, your magnanimity, your sense of justice and fair play, who took positions and stuck to them, who was not afraid to speak his mind about civil rights in Virginia, tidal oil-lands in Texas, pressure groups at the American Federation of Labor convention, and heresy-hunting at a gathering of the American Legion. It excited people to admiration and approval. It was like seeing the Greek National Theatre, after a long diet of Broadway shows. You said to yourself: "Yes, it really *can* be like this!"

The amazing thing is not that Stevenson lost, but that, handicapped by Eisenhower's enormous personal popularity, by the record of the Truman Administration and by a comparative lack of campaign funds, a newcomer on the national scene could poll more than 27 million votes in a total count of 61 million. It is proof not only of Stevenson's effectiveness, but of the ability and eagerness of millions of voters to respond to an appeal that does not degrade them or pander to their worst instincts. For the future, it offers hope. For the present, it imposes upon Stevenson the obligation to go on with the educational campaign he has so brilliantly begun.

Elmer Rice

"LET'S TALK SENSE to the American People." Perhaps that was the keynote of Adlai Stevenson's acceptance of the nomination. He never for a moment forgot it, during that long and arduous campaign. And the Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can people will not forget that he talked sense to them, and it may be borne home to them more and more in the months to come. It is the reason that not only the Democratic Party, but the country as a whole and the world abroad, have come to recognize a leader of great stature, a man who even in defeat could inspire the best of the ideals latent in all its citizens.

Two years from now in elections for the legislature, and even more, four years from now, the nation will have to decide whether its mandate of last November has been carried out. Whether the promises of the party in power have been fulfilled, whether all the people have continued to progress, or whether the country has been governed in the interest of any segment of it.

It was Adlai who said, "Intemperate criticism is not a policy for the nation: denunciation is not a program for our salvation."

But "What ought to be done by government for the public welfare, should be done. There should be no wistful dragging of the feet, or turning backward to a dead, irrelevant past."

And, looking over some of the elements constituting the party in power, many will find it difficult not to be driven to skepticism, as they look forward.

Some of the issues of the campaign will have been resolved, and the cause for some many disappear, but I suspect that more and more the American people will refer back to the Stevenson speeches, and find in them a measuring stick for administration accomplishment, and for a refreshing of their own ideals.

There will be new issues of grave import, and millions of people will be listening eagerly over the months for opinions, ideas and inspiration, of the man who has demonstrated so clearly his ability "to talk sense to the American people." **Marshall Field**

A FRIEND of mine used to tell a story about his grandmother and the Lincoln letter. No one had ever seen the Lincoln letter, but it was well known that it lay in a certain black, locked box along with other family treasures. The old lady used the Lincoln letter as a threat, sometimes saying that she would will it to a museum, now offering to will it to one member of the family and now to another.

As the children grew older, their interest in the Lincoln letter grew sharper and still they had never seen it. It was the family treasure. When, in the fullness of time, the old lady died, some of the sadness was mitigated by the knowledge that at last they would see the Lincoln letter.

The family opened the locked black box with some ceremony immediately on their return from the cemetery, and there, on top of a pile of trinkets, was the Lincoln letter. But it was not from Lincoln. It was to Lincoln, written by their grandmother in 1863. It criticized him for past actions and encouraged him for the future. Their grandmother had never mailed the Lincoln letter, but had kept it all those years.

And with that, I think I have precedent to call this The Stevenson Letter.

Governor Stevenson, by now you will have had literally millions of letters from the people who voted for you and from men who voted against you in the last election. It is not likely that I will say anything new to you, nor would I want to. I want merely to add my voice to the chorus.

The last election was unique insofar as I know. I remember no instance in the history of our nation or of any other nation where a defeated candidate emerged with his followers doubly dedicated to him. The exact opposite has usually been true. We all know the picture of the despised and deserted loser, loaded with blame for losing.

Mr. Stevenson, during the campaign I came in contact with many people working for your election. Girls who gave up their lunch hours to work at switchboards, actors who abandoned their one day with their families, men and women who stood in line for the privilege of carrying posters, or licking envelopes, or ringing doorbells. None of them had any remote chance or desire of personal gain. When the election was lost, these people—and I among them—suffered deep shock and then, within a very few days, there we were again, saying, "What can we do now?," refusing to accept defeat, eager to put in four years of work and to try again.

Do you know of anything like this in our political history? I don't. I've wondered about it a good deal.

I think that politics—the word, the practice—had become disreputable to the point where politics and crime were confused in many minds. The career of a politician was for the greedy, the unscrupulous. Men of ideals and conscience avoided politics as an arena where wolves tore at the body of the nation and snapped and snarled at each other. Having a brother in politics was quite a bit like having a sister in a brothel. Then, in a few short months, you, an unknown man to the great body of the people, changed that picture. You made it seem possible for politics to be as it once had been, an honorable, virtuous and creative business. You let light into a dark and musty room. You made political campaigning an excitement—an adventure, a road of hope.

I think that's why those girls who worked at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

switchboards want to go on working. They have a sense of selfless fulfillment. They have a direction and an end they can be proud of. And since you started this process in them and in me, quite naturally we want you to continue.

Many of us think it may have been a salutary thing to have lost the election. We think that we who consider ourselves liberals have grown flabby. We have considered the social gains of the last 20 years as permanent beyond need of defense. Some of us have been cowardly—have edged toward reaction in the face of the hysterical shrieks from both left and right. We may have become a fat-calf cult, preening ourselves over old or fancied victories. Meanwhile, the Democratic Party, to which we gave our loyalty, has grown soft too, and, as is inevitable, corrupt men have crept in and made themselves secure. Further, to hold the party together and to make it effective election-wise, the strangest of bedfellows tried to get under a too-narrow blanket. The gamblers and heelers, the scavengers and the big-city machines were there, the traders in votes for patronage, and who cares how you get the votes; the medieval Democrats whose affiliation with the party was due to geographic or ethnic accident—men who no more believe in democracy than they do in the Bill of Rights which supports it.

We do not think or say the party was all rotten, but we know that there are brown spots in it and that decay is eating toward the core.

And finally there were the flabby liberals, greasy with virtue—the same breed who lost Czechoslovakia to the Kremlin and Germany to Hitler. I include myself among these, and I think we may have been more dangerous to the party and to the nation than the machine crooks or the geographic anachronisms.

If you had been elected, Mr. Stevenson, you would have had to carry all this muck along with you, whether you wanted to or not. I imagine that nearly every letter you get tells you what to do and how to conduct yourself, and I imagine further that every letter boiled down is a plea not to leave the scene—not to abandon the bright new hope you raised. You should see the eyes of the volunteers—how they brighten when your name is mentioned—how they have memorized paragraphs, even whole sections, of your speeches—how they pin their hopes of the future on you. I should think this might be at once the most wonderful and the most horrible thing that could happen to a man.

I have heard every kind of excited suggestion about your future, but the main one is that you should go on television periodically to comment on the Republican Administration and on your own party, in a word, to become a kind of loyal opposition with a stinger. I have heard that you should get your club and lion skin and stroll toward the Augean barn—a ridiculous figure, but not a bad idea. In the main, the cry is Lead! Lead! Don't for a moment give up your leadership.

Mr. Stevenson, I have read your speeches, listened to you speak. As a professional writer, I know that no amount of skilled words can cover a lie or hypocrisy for very long. I know beyond all doubt that you believe in and love democracy. This being so, you must fear the principle of leadership; you must be terrified to have too much faith, too much hope and trust and responsibility placed in your hands. We have seen what terrible directions this process can take. I do not think you can refuse leadership, however. That seems to have been forced on you from within yourself, as well as from without. And you must have gone over and over the kind of leadership that is good and healthful for a democracy. That is the leadership which imposes responsibility on the electorate, which makes of the leadership, so that there is no surrender of power by the people, but rather, a resumption of power through participation.

Surely you will have a cleansing job to do on the Democratic Party, and some of it will of necessity be painful and some deadly, but to a great extent, the cleaning process will be automatic, if you will act as spokesman. If you will, as you have in the past, set down and say and repeat those principles and that direction which our evolutionary democracy must follow —if you will do this during the next four years and make it so clear as to be impossible of more than one right, sharp interpretation, I believe the dissidents, the reactionaries, the hustlers, main chancers will fall away to join a party where their gifts, talents and visions are more acceptable.

You have given us a look at truth as a weapon—at reason as a tool—at humor as a method—and at democracy as a practical way of life. We would be crazy if we let you go.

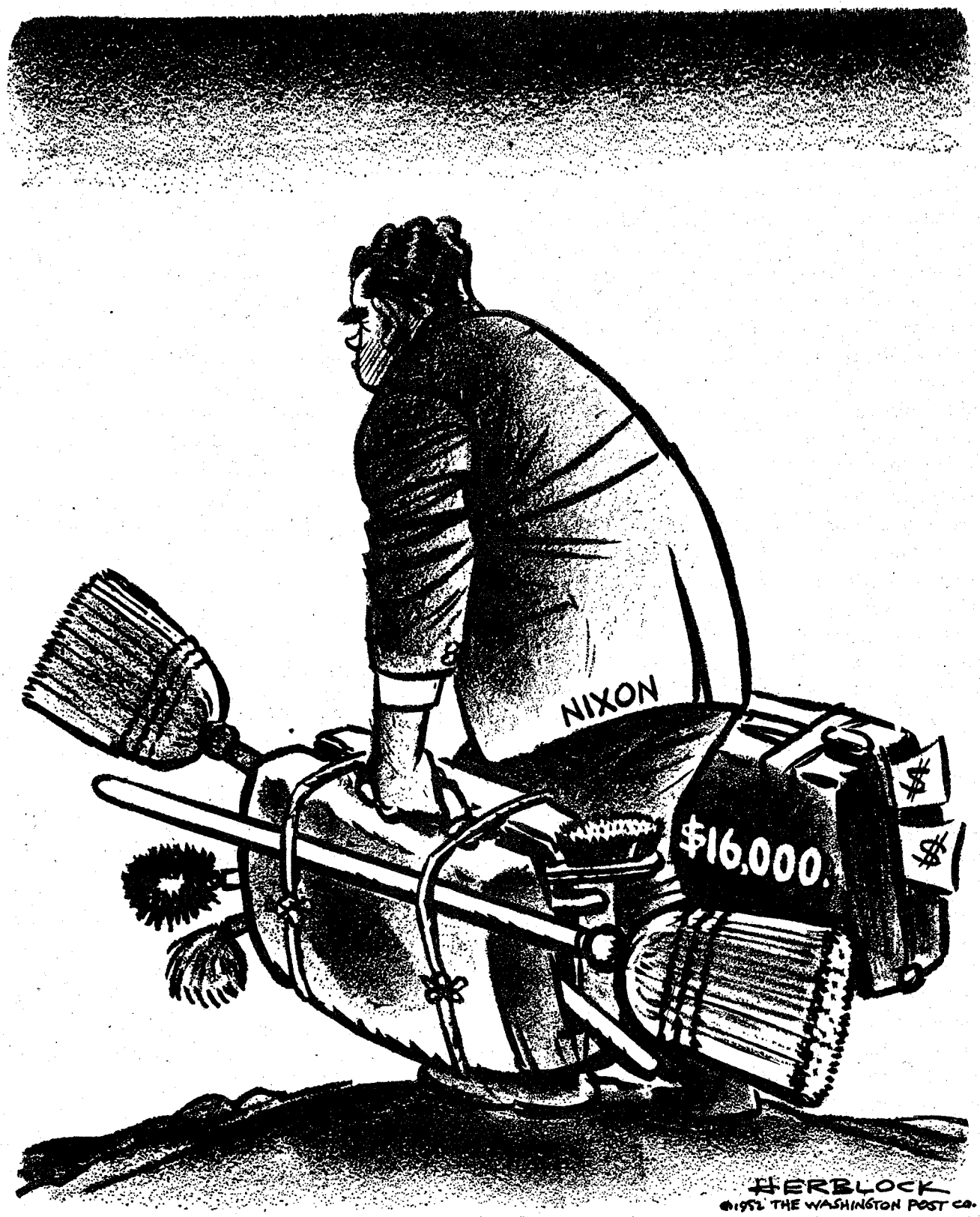
I don't see how you can refuse, even though you know probably better than any of us the nature of our gift to you. We offer you the highest gift of the people—work beyond your strength—responsibility beyond your endurance— loneliness to freeze you—and despair and villification. Quite contentedly we propose to take from you most of the sweet things of a man's life—privacy and companionship, leisure and gaiety and rest. We offer to cut your heart out and serve it up for the good of the nation. And the terrible thing is—I don't think you can refuse. Your greatness is the property of the nation, but to you it is a prison. **John Steinbeck**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1952

by

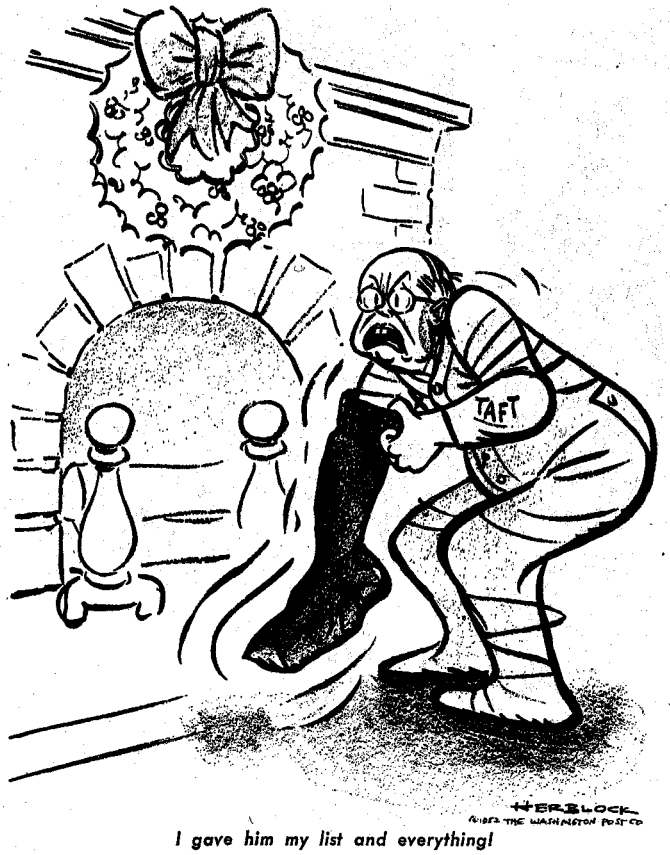
Fitzpatrick And Herblock



Death of a salesman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, if it isn't my old pal again!

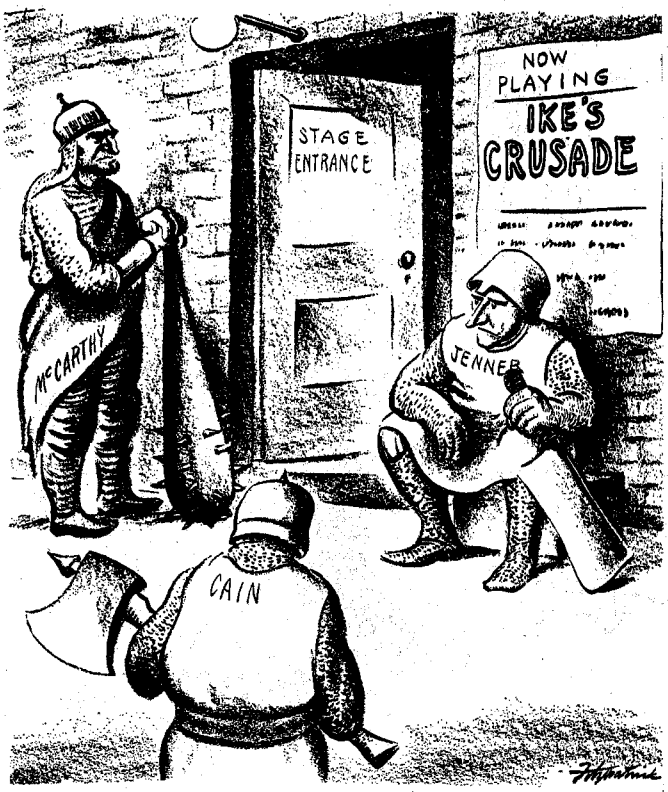


I gave him my list and everything!

Drop in anytime

First tee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Members of the cast

Chins up now, and carry on

One punch

The seemingly respectable mink

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WORLD TO WIN

THE EUROPEANS are starting 1953 with a new round of great debates—military, political, economic; and also geographical and psychological—stimulated by the rush of major events at the end of 1952: the Eisenhower trip to Korea, the Ismay political intelligence report at the NATO conference in Paris, the Commonwealth Conference in London, and the annual report of the European Economic Co-operation Organization.

The issue in each of the debates is a shift in emphasis: from urgency in the efforts to face possible Soviet aggression to the doctrine of the long pull; from quantity in armaments to quality; from security as the inviolable gospel to solvency as a necessary prior condition; and, above all, from Europe to Asia as the heart of the problem of world security. To what the London *Times* calls "the great crescent of troubled horizons that stretches south and southwest from Manchuria along the coastline to Malaya and through the island chain from Japan, Formosa and the Philippines to the Indonesian Republic" where "a revolutionary and largely anti-Western East Asia, effervescent with hope and continually mindful of past pains, is groping its way to a better pattern of society." In the greatest of debates, the *Times* takes the stand that: "Democracy's task is not to arrest the march of time but to mobilize Asian nationalism to contain Asian Communism."

Guessing about the Korean trip has led a large number of Europeans to believe that this is pretty much the position the US will take under President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. The Manchester *Guardian* takes a different view. It writes:

> The crux of Asia's suspicion of America is the feeling that Americans think of Asians not as an end in themselves but as a means to an American end. Statements in Washington about setting Asians to fight have done a great deal of harm. Moreover, most Asians have a suspicion of America's chosen ally Japan. They have never believed Japan has changed its heart.

Yet the *Times* and the *Guardian* agree on the need to shift emphasis in Asia from the military to the political. "There is unlikely to be a truce," says the *Times*, "unless the Chinese Government has some ground for believing that its status will eventually be given international recognition." And the *Guardian* says: "The best hope for America to carry non-Communist Asia with it is to begin to concentrate attention upon the political conference which will follow an armistice."

André Fontaine, writing in the *Monde* of Paris, suggests that Eisenhower could and should try "realism in the Yalta manner." He thinks recognition of Mao Tse-tung might be traded against an effective armistice in Korea and the beginning of armistice talks in Indo-China.

An element in this debate is the political intelligence report on the Soviets' probable grand strategy, prepared by Lord Ismay and his staff at NATO. The conclusions are that the Soviets are not preparing any European Korea or any other military aggression in Europe; that the greatest tension and danger are in Asia; and that a prolonged armed truce may force an extension of the Cold War for perhaps 20 years. Hence, the military emphasis should be less on the number of divisions in Europe—or even on the faltering European Defense Community—than on maintaining the West's lead in scientific and technical advances. Prime Minister Churchill has already implied the same view.

Under the title, "The Long Pull," Chester Wilmot, one of Britain's best-known military experts, writes in the *Observer* of London that the British Chiefs of Staff:

> . . . have pointed out that too great a concentration of effort and resources to meet the now unlikely danger of a hot war in Europe may cause us to lose the Cold War in Asia, if not in Europe itself.

The English believe that so long as the political links between the NATO countries are weaker than the military and economic links, their common defense will be incomplete. The French hope that Churchill will be able to forge such links, on the theory that their concommitant will be a British military guarantee of France, and a shift thereby away from both the "Germanization of Europe" and the "Europeanization of Germany." The former is a horrendous prospect from any French point of view; the latter becomes unrealistic in proportion as the Pinay Government declines toward its fall, and as the Gaullists—sworn enemies of EDC—stand ready, for the first time, to participate in a government without de Gaulle himself.

Maurice Duverger, one of the best-known French commentators, says:

> Public opinion does not support the European army, because an army must support a policy, and there cannot be a common European policy so long as Germany is divided, with no hope of unification other than war. The real danger of German rearmament is not on the Rhine but on the Elbe and the Oder. For the West Germans, the Soviet Union is already an "occupier," hence their anti-Sovietism is dangerously "dynamic."

But the German problem is less urgent than the Asiatic, Middle Eastern and North African problem. And France is not contributing much to a common policy. It refuses to recognize the ugly sequence by which Asian and African Communism is formented: colonialist exploitation, phony or hypocritical "reform," fanatical nationalism, terrorism, repression and finally Communism. It turns a blind eye and a deaf ear to the warning implicit in the Prague trial—the link between fanatical Moslem nationalism and a renascent German Nazism.

Yet French obstinacy is not the only obstacle to a common policy. The Soviet "line" in China, Malaya, Indonesia, Burma, Indo-China and elsewhere. calls for winning over not only workers and peasants but also middle classes by the application of different policies at different times with different allies. General Templer recently called this "cynical expediency." It is questionable whether mass repression and mass reprisals provide a more effective alternative in the long pull in Asia and Africa.

Paris PERCY WINNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POINT FOUR AND THE BATTLE FOR ASIA

V. THE PHILIPPINES—FROM POLITICAL TO ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

by Clarence Decker

ON JULY 4, 1946—after nearly 400 years under colonial rule—the Philippines celebrated its independence. Four years later the new Republic faced internal collapse and the threat of capture by Communists.

We who visited the Islands during those unhappy years cannot forget the grim sight that greeted us upon our arrival in Manila—only Warsaw or Berlin seemed comparably devastated—and we were soon to learn that the country's economy was equally shattered.

In 1946 farms and plantations were deliberated, livestock slaughtered, machinery ruined. Factories and mines were either destroyed or immobilized. Transportation facilities—roads, bridges, railroads, ships, wharves, warehouses—were demolished. Trade and commerce had come to a virtual standstill. Over-all production was 60 percent below the volume of the typical prewar year of 1937: agriculture had dropped 42 percent, manufacturing 80 percent, mining 98 percent. Food production, even for domestic consumption, fell far short of the needs of the already meager standard of living. Arson and demolition by retreating Japanese, and bombing by advancing Americans, had flattened the country and its economy.

By 1950 there had been progress in the restoration of the surface economy, but agriculture and industrial output were still below the prewar level and the 10-year population increase of 25 percent had driven living standards to a new low. Meanwhile, government finances had steadily deteriorated. Exports lagged far behind imports, many of an unnecessary luxury nature, and dollar reserves, plus the $388 million war damage payments from the United States, which had propped the shaky budget, were almost exhausted.

Little effort was being made to attack the basic causes of the country's illness—inefficient production and low income, aggravated by government waste and corruption. In agriculture nothing was done to open new lands for the increased population, to improve the methods of cultivation, or to better the chattel condition of farm workers and tenants. Industry exploited for new opportunities. The country continued to lean on the export of a few crops—copra, sugar, abaca—whose widely fluctuating prices intensified the general instability. Inequalities in income, always large in the Philippines, widened. As the real income of the masses dropped to new levels, the profits of businessmen and feudal landowners spiralled. The people's hope that political independence would bring social and economic progress were frustrated. Disillusion led to loss of faith in government itself.

The festering discontent fed the Communist-led guerrillas—the Hukbalahaps—in their rebellion against constituted authority. Many, perhaps most, of the Huks neither understood nor sympathized with Communism—they were simply desperate peasants. Through terror and destruction, the Huks immobilized productive land and capital, provided a focal point for popular dissatisfactions of all kinds, and struck a further blow at the government's already weakened finances and prestige.

The Republic of the Philippines is of major political, military, economic and moral importance to the United States. We have pledged ourselves to its defense, and it is supporting our defense through a 99-year treaty providing for US naval and air bases. The Islands are the Southern anchor of the Alaska-Japan-Taiwan-Philippines defense line. Further, American prestige in the whole of Asia is at stake in the progress and welfare of a country that for almost 50 years has been our major colonial protegé.

In the summer of 1950, at the request of the Philippine Government, the United States sent the Bell Survey Mission to the Islands to study the causes of the crisis and to suggest remedies. The Mission urged swift and vigorous action—increased tax revenues; expanded agriculture and more equitable distribution of farm income; minimum wage laws and adequate health education; diversification and development of industry; and improvement of public administration. With the stipulation that these and other recommendations should be implemented, the Mission further urged that American financial assistance be extended over a five-year period in the amount of $250 million in grants and loans.

The painful but hopeful report was made public in October, 1950, and met with general approval. The Philippine Government not only courageously endorsed it, but within seven months had completed substantial compliance with its preliminary conditions. The tax goal was exceeded and the minimum-wage law brought immediate relief to about 30 percent of the wage force and promised relief over a two-year period to approxi-

Dr. Clarence R. Decker, president of the University of Kansas City, recently toured Southeast Asia as Assistant Director of the Mutual Security Agency in charge of the Far Eastern Program. This is the fifth of a series of seven articles which constitute his report.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mately 90 percent. Both steps, benefiting those areas of the population that suffered most from the war, proved strong anti-Huk medicine.

In May, 1951, the Mutual Security Agency was assigned the responsibility of assisting the Philippine Government in the further implementation of the Bell Mission recommendations. Since that time the American people have invested some $49 million in the economic security and welfare of their Filipino friends.

This past summer, revisiting the Islands to review some of these major undertakings, I was impressed by the phenomenal recovery the government and the people have achieved during the past few years by their own efforts. I was also pleased that our country could claim some credit for its assistance in rehabilitation and development.

For four days our party studied rural-credit facilities, animal breeding, mosaic disease control, fertilizer projects which have served some 20,000 farmers this past year, and the two major agricultural undertakings—irrigation and land settlement. Seeing these projects and talking with the native people, we could better understand why the problem of the Huks is easing, why the discontent of the farmer is diminishing, why agricultural productivity is reaching toward new peaks. Even the military, we learned from the commanding officer at Camp Olivas in Luzon, is contributing its share to the solution of the farm problem. The army no longer shoots a Huk simply because he is a Huk. In return for peaceful surrender, it offers amnesty and the hope of a better rural life, even of a new home in the rich and relatively undeveloped island of Mindanao.

First priority has thus far gone to agriculture, forestry and fisheries, but a close second priority has been given to public services. Nearly half of the total MSA program is spent on the importation of saleable producer and consumer goods to generate local currency to meet the relatively heavy internal costs of the aid projects without adding to inflationary pressures.

A significant part of the program involves what is known as counterpart, which deserves special stress since it applies in one way or another to most of the MSA undertakings in the Far East. Counterpart, briefly, results from an agreement that requires the assisted country to set aside local currency partly or wholly commensurate with the value of dollar aid received from the United States. The use of this money is agreed upon by the MSA and the country concerned. The Philippines, for example, has thus far appropriated around $25 million for the counterpart fund, a substantial contribution in view of the precarious state of its budget. This money, together with the proceeds from the saleable commodity fund, more than covers the local costs of the MSA program.

The heavier and long-range type of economic development—industrial expansion, mining rehabilitation, power improvement and other public works—are to be financed by loans. The Export-Import Bank has already committed itself to loans for projects estimated at $28 million. Private enterprise and investment from the United States and other countries is encouraged in every possible way, not only as a desirable end in itself, but also as a useful means of relieving the American taxpayer as soon as possible of the burden of foreign financial aid. A guarantee agreement for private American investments in the Philippines was signed this year.

Although little more than a year has passed since the MSA program got under way in the Philippines, President Quirino feels that the accomplishments to date are reassuring. The substantial tax increases and collections, the installation of a pay-as-you-go income-tax system, and the improvement of excise-tax procedures produced a 108-percent increase in actual tax collections during the first five months over the comparable previous year period. Despite the increased expenditure for national defense, education and economic development, the Philippine budget will be balanced this fiscal year. Legislation has either passed or is under way to establish a national agricultural and forestry-extension system, to improve labor relations, and otherwise to carry out the recommendations of the Bell Report. Above all, public morale has improved with the initiation of the MSA program and its emphasis on mass living standards and social and civic improvement. The Philippine people, evincing a strong new confidence in the democratic process and in the stability of the Republic, are pushing ahead with self-help measures to achieve a sound national development.

The road ahead is neither simple nor easy. Most of the members of the Philippine Congress represent the land-owning elite or otherwise enjoy special privileges. They are often reluctant to support basic economic reform measures. Fundamental problems remain, principally expansion and diversification of agriculture, industrial production, and, above all, social and educational reform both in depth and breadth. The goal and the way to the translation of political independence into social and economic independence are reasonably clear, and the achievements thus far provide a solid foundation for a promising future. With courage and imagination, this future should strengthen the Philippines itself and, through its leadership, help to realize Ambassador Romulo's hope for an Asia League designed to promote security, stability and development in the Far Pacific.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABORS TASK IN THE PRECINCT

by Harold J. Gibbons

PRELIMINARY studies show that in the major industrial sections of the country, Governor Stevenson polled more votes in this year's Presidential election than President Truman did four years ago. Without benefit of essential precinct-by-precince surveys, we can conclude that labor did hold its ranks in face of an overwhelming Eisenhower landslide.

Unquestionably, however, from a mere glance at the results, holding ranks is not sufficient. Organized labor has a much bigger role to play and it has not nearly reached its full potential of effectiveness.

In St. Louis, despite limited successes, we have detected two major weaknesses. Both contributed, in a major way, to our failure to reach our full effectiveness. One was a failure to influence the votes of union wives; the other was a failure to perfect the machinery of labor in politics. Both failures should be examined.

Failure to Influence the Votes of Union Wives. This is a glaring failure on our part, and no last minute efforts could have averted it. The education of the worker's wife as a voter as well as a good union wife is a task that must be taken into consideration in labor's future planning, even though the factor of an unpopular war such as Korea may never again prove such a decisive influence in an election. In a way, the Eisenhower landslide was a women's movement, as we became uneasily aware by noon of election day as housewives poured into the polling booths in unprecedented numbers. Veteran politicians here believe that the General's promise to make a trip to Korea, with the implication that the fighting would soon be stopped, was the deciding factor of the election. Many of these women were, we believe, voting directly against their own economic interests. This is a situation that the political directors of the labor movement cannot allow to go unchallenged. Ways and means of enlisting the votes of labor wives exist and they must be found and exploited.

Failure to Perfect the Machinery of Labor in Politics. This is not a glaring failure, for political education and action is now a function of nearly all unions. Labor's political approach and machinery need improvement.

If labor is to meet its political responsibilities fully it must take politics much more seriously than it has in the past. Political action engaged in for short periods immediately preceding elections is a luxury we no longer can afford. It is time that labor recognized that affective political action consists of more than just speeches, more than just formal endorsements, more than just mass meetings and financial contributions and the coining of slogans. Adequate financing, full-time staff people, and a continuing year around program of political activity is called for.

The natural habitat of political action is in the wards and precincts, not in the union hall. If labor unions are to have any real effect on the outcome of elections, they must be prepared to function at the same organizational level and in much the same manner as the major political organizations. This means a union political organization in every ward, with members serving as precinct captains in promoting liberal candidates. The development of such ward organizations is perhaps the most important job we face during the next few years. It is no simple job. It has never been attempted on a large-scale, and consequently new techniques must be learned, largely through trial and error. On the basis of limited experience in St. Louis, I would make only a couple of suggestions. First, if the ward organizations are to be really grass-roots organizations they must concern themselves with grass-roots political issues. At their present level of political understanding most workers are much more concerned over the fact that their garbage is not collected on time than they are over the pending Tidelands Oil give-away. A worker's wife who will not even attempt to understand the complexities of American foreign policy may be well aware of the need for a stop sign near the school her child attends.

How can these ward organizations be built? Are they to be an additional organization or can and must the existing local unions be adapted to a ward existence. Our experience is that the very local which so effectively holds the loyalty of union members in the plant must be adapted to the ward level. Thus the worker is kept on familiar ground while carrying on what to many will be new and unfamiliar tasks and in addition his loyalty and participation is more completely assured. Ward Chairman can parallel the familiar office of shop chairman. Community stewards will parallel the office of shop steward. For the familiar grievance of the worker in the shop there is substituted the grievance of the union member as a citizen in his community.

An example of how effective is this approach to trade-union political action can be seen in the case of State Sen. Robert Pentland of Missouri. First elected in 194

Harold J. Gibbons is secretary-treasurer of the 10,000 member Local 688, International Brotherhood of Teamsters-AFL, St. Louis, Mo. Local 688 has established one of the most effective local union political-action programs in the country. This is another in a series on the continuing campaign. Other contributors have been Sens. Wayne Morse, Estes Kefauver and Hubert Humphrey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a heavily Republican district (he was the first Democrat ever elected in this district), Pentland's campaign was aided in a large measure by the sweep of President Truman. Since 1948 redistricting made the district more heavily Republican. Yet, he won re-election by a larger majority than in 1948. He won in the face of the Eisenhower sweep. Pentland polled approximately 1,000 more votes than Eisenhower who carried the district. Who is Bob Pentland? An unknown shoe packer in the Union which has adopted this new approach.

Summing up, the opportunity presented in the continuing campaign is given strength by the very proportions of the landslide. If Eisenhower were able to give the people prosperity with peace, he would in effect become the heir to the New Deal. But it seems fantastic to mention such a possibility, considering the nature of the forces that initiated, financed and managed his campaign. The prospects favor a quick disillusionment and melting away of the support that brought him to the White House. Will the labor and liberal forces be prepared for leadership when this occurs? Upon the answer to that question may determine the future of democracy.

"THE SPUR OF INSECURITY..."

by Potomacus

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, will bring to the national farm programs a large degree of the co-operative spirit, good marketing practices, the Christian way of life and self-reliance. The fact that these virtues were already there would indicate that Mr. Benson may have the easiest administration in the history of the Department of Agriculture. The catch is that he disapproves of much of what else goes on and will set out to eliminate or subdue the economic action programs of the New and Fair Deals.

Benson practically removed himself from the national agricultural scene eight years ago when he became a member of the 12-man Quorum of Apostles which govern the Mormon Church. For some five years before that—1939 to 1944—however, he was a right-wing member of the farm bloc in Washington. Full-time church work, and virtues highly polished by active leadership in the Boy Scouts of America—and the American Institute of Co-operation—results in a luster which expresses itself thus:

"Every young man requires the spur of insecurity to force him to do his best . . . a planned and subsidized economy weakens initiative, discourages industry, destroys character and demoralizes the people."

A publicist for the conservative coalition in agriculture, who should merely have exulted at the appointment, was honest enough to interpret it as a sharp shift to the right and admit that Benson's views on agricultural policies and programs are something of a mystery. He even listed a number of the issues on which no oracle as to Benson's feelings had been found.

The same day his designation was announced, the Department of Agriculture published results of a referendum among tobacco farmers which illustrates what neither Republicans in general, nor Benson in particular, have yet faced. One Washington paper used a streamer headline on page one to announce Benson's appointment as the man who would free agriculture from Washington control, while relegating the story of the tobacco farmers to page 51. The gist of that story is that nearly 159,000 growers of burley tobacco voted by a majority of 97.3 percent to impose crop restrictions on themselves *for the next three years*—and they did so after an announcement by Secretary Brannan that the restrictions, if voted at all, would be 10 percent tighter than the year before.

This, of course, is the "regimentation"—the only regimentation—which the Republicans vowed to drive out of the farm programs in promising to return those programs to the farmers.

Benson's approach to these and other hard realities is the product of a careful, rather pedantic career which started in the rural West and took him as a Mormon missionary into several foreign countries. He was born in Whitney, Idaho, and attended Utah State Agricultural College for two years, after which he did missionary work in Europe for two and a half years and studied British co-ops. After returning to the United States, he was graduated from Brigham Young University and moved back to his home county in Idaho to farm. Later he did graduate work at Iowa State College and the University of California, specializing in economics and marketing. Between times he was a county extension agent in Idaho, and he worked for the Extension Service at the University of Idaho from 1930 to 1939.

In agricultural parlance, this makes him "an Extension Service man," meaning that he frowns on or opposes the direct action agencies of the federal government involved in helping farmers and believes that most or all of the programs should be conducted through the county extension agent, who answers only to the local agricul-

Potomacus is a pseudonym for a Washington political reporter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tural college even though he receives half his pay from federal funds. This category takes on significance beyond its surface importance because the Extension Service is tied by law to the ultra-conservative American Farm Bureau Federation in about 12 states and is connected to it by close association in most of the others.

While still at Idaho University, Benson organized and became secretary of the Idaho Co-operative Council which brought him in contact with the National Council of Farmer Co-operatives. This group is a rather loose federation of co-ops in widely diversified commodities such as walnuts, cotton, oranges and wool. It includes many small typically struggling co-ops but is dominated by the largest and most conservative co-ops—big businesses in nearly every sense of the word.

Benson came on the Washington scene as executive secretary of this Co-op Council, which at that time was a tame, educational, persuasive group interested in common problems of marketing, transportation, taxation, etc. But after he had been there a while—and after Pearl Harbor—Benson and the Council waded into politics and lobbying up to their necks.

In September, 1942, the Co-op Council held one of the most rambunctious meetings attacking the OPA ever organized. The meeting, in Washington, was built around the regular meeting of its high command. Among those invited by the Council to devise ways and means of emasculating price control were the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the president of the Farm Bureau.

A semi-official spokesman for this segment of rural co-ops wrote after the meeting that "it was lobbying in a grand style" and added: "Never before in its nearly 13 years has the National Council of Farmer Co-operatives climbed into the forefront of a legislative fight as it did last month. . . . What the press and public came to realize last month is that the National Council speaks for more farmers than any of the other groups."

At the same meeting two significant changes were made in the Council. First, more authority was delegated to its young and energetic executive secretary, Ezra Benson, and second, the presidency was assumed by C. C. Teague, one of the real "rural" reactionaries, of the California genus. The reports of the La Follette investigation of civil liberties outlines how Teague raised $4,418.30 for the notorious Associated Farmers, who rode rough-shod over California farm laborers, particularly the migrants in the mid-thirties. Teague also was a director of the California Chamber of Commerce while it was the chief backer of the Associated Farmers.

More recent leaders of the Co-op Council have been vastly more enlightened men, but the new Secretary of Agriculture will have considerable explaining to do if he wants to shake off the label which Teague left on the Council while Benson was its Washington man.

At one time Benson issued a statement jointly with the heads of the Farm Bureau and the National Grange in defiance of a move by the Department of Agriculture to assure minimum standards of decency for migrant laborers brought in during the war from Mexico. "Under the guise of the war effort," they declared, "a social revolution is being perpetrated upon the American people." This part of Benson's history indicates clearly that the past five years of harmony between labor and agricultural groups in Washington is in for some rough going.

A group headed by Farm Bureau leaders has been waiting in the wings for a chance to parcel out the Department of Agriculture to the 48 states, where it will be taken care of by the Extension Service, the Farm Bureau and general inertia. They now have their man on stage. In fact, they have not moved so slowly that they have not already frightened one group of conservationists who have been vaguely suspicious of their intentions but thought that promises made at General Eisenhower's campaign headquarters were grounds for relaxing.

There are more who should be nervous if they are not. For example, the REA co-ops are not likely to get any support for public-power projects even though they are co-operatives in form. As one critical friend of Benson's in the co-op movement put it recently, Benson is so conservative and so protective of co-ops that he will probably protect co-ops from any federal aid whatsoever.

There are other major doubts. One of the hottest issues in the last session of Congress will recur in about a year when Congress must decide whether a sliding-scale system of price supports will go into operation or whether the 90 percent of parity level should be continued. Eisenhower's speeches indicate, but do not state flatly, that he favors the 90 percent approach. On the other hand, Senator Taft told reporters after the "surrender breakfast" at Morningside Heights that if he had been in Washington that day he would have voted against support at 90 percent of parity. Benson was a Taft supporter before the Chicago conventions and has the apparent distinction of being the only man picked off Taft's list of Cabinet nominations.

To use a Boy Scout reference, he is already known for being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, etc. It now remains to be seen whether he can pass tests in fire-building, signalling, life saving and compass-reading.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

ORTHODOXY AND THE STANDARD OF LITERATURE

by Allen Tate

THE CATHOLIC WRITER today seems not to be able to participate in the kind of "unity" that we attribute to the thirteenth century and to the poetry of Dante. He suffers from a certain disjunction of belief and experience. He must live in modern society. He cannot live apart from society whatever that society may be, and he is at best insensibly affected by the standards of that society. Even if he is not consciously so affected, he is comitted to the work of the imagination: he is an artist, and he has got to portray the human experience as it is, whether he likes it or not. Here we are led to an unavoidable difference between literature and dogma, as Matthew Arnold understood it. The subject of the imaginative writer is necessarily men as they are behaving, not as they ought to behave. For this reason, there is a standing quarrel between the imaginative writer and the Church. It will continue forever.

It is a necessary quarrel because our clerical friends are constantly telling us that there are certain aspects of the human condition that were better glozed, and that we must concentrate upon the Christian ideal. And so as Christians we must. But if we are going to have a modern literature in which Christianity (or any other religious ideal) is to be given a certain kind of reality, we have got as writers to find that reality in the depths, as well as the heights, of the human situation as it is. If you will bring to mind a living Catholic writer like Graham Greene, you will understand in the light of these remarks why he has been severely rebuked for his interest in human degradation: the characters of his fiction are seedy, haunted, and perverse. It is much the same with Evelyn Waugh. Why is it that there are writers, professedly not only Christian, but Catholic, who seem not to be able to see anything but the desperation of the human condition? They represent, consciously or not, one way of correcting the historical balance. We have had since the sixteenth century a secular dispensation of which the perfectibility of man has been the easy dogma. The Catholic writer is beginning to show us in action once more the possibilities of man for evil. For without an awareness of evil we lose the idea of centrality in literature. I do not suppose that Mr. Greene is a "central" sort of writer; nobody else is. He corrects a certain balance. But no single work of literature can escape the suspicion of heresy. The centrality of literature is literature as a whole. No one writer can write it all; and we have got as critics to learn a special tact in discriminating the kinds of literature.

The only source of orthodoxy is the Church itself. The dogma and the experience of the Church—these are the sources of orthodoxy. We are individually incapable of it. And we are in the Church to correct our potential heresy. Every writer must be in his own degree a heretic before the impact of the raw experience of men. He emphasizes one truth at the expense of others—a part for the whole—which I believe is the common way of describing heresy.

These remarks are too general and I want to try to pin them down to the question of a possible Catholic literature today, and of the right literary standards. It must have struck many of you how mediocre American Catholic literature is. Catholic writers are full of laudable piety (laudable, that is, if it were confined to their devotions), but scarcely writers at all. I occasionally see a Catholic Poetry magazine called *Spirit*. If it weren't labelled Catholic, if it didn't contain references to the Blessed Virgin, there would be no way to distinguish *Spirit* from a poetry magazine published by Baptists. Baptists also are capable of generalized Christian piety. Vague and ignorant piety (piety ignorant of literary standards) is the greatest enemy of a Catholic literature in this or any other country. Men cannot, as Catholics, who wish to maintain the temporal dignity of the Church, any longer support that kind of writer. One would think that the Church being what it is—the true Church—nothing could be too good for it. But that isn't the view of a great many Catholics who pursue literature.

What are we going to do about this? The first step is not to substitute approval of the subject of a literary work for literary standards. No matter how much you agree with the sentiment of a "Catholic" poem or novel, you must not judge it by your agreement. You can get the sentiment better expressed in the great Christian mystics and theologians. You have got to judge Catholic literature by the same standards as other literature is judged; for it has got to be literature before it can be anything else. The recent popular novel by a prince of the Church, Cardinal Spellman, a novel called *The Foundling*, is a case in point. That pious, Christian charity seems to be the operative doctrine of the book should not mislead the reader into supposing that it is a good book. It is no better than hundreds of other sentimental, quasi-religious novels. Of the standards created by the great masters of the novel in the nineteenth century His Eminence seems not to be aware; but if he is going to write a novel he ought to be aware of them. If he is so aware, one must infer that he holds these standards in contempt. It is not loyalty to the Church to condone the secular ignorance and the vulgarity of a Catholic prelate. If laymen cannot speak out on these matters, they will fail to support the prestige of the Faith in the secular world.

What Catholic literature in America needs today is a Catholic Matthew Arnold. His critical dialectic would come to something like this: *Always ask questions.* Is this novel, is this poem good? As a novel, does this Catholic work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compete with Proust or Henry James; or are we taking it because it was written by a Catholic with the right views?

I apologize for the elementary character of these observations; I shall now pursue them from another point of view. The danger that I am trying to point out can be illustrated by one of Arnold's own lapses as a critic in the famous essay, "The Study of Poetry." I shall quote Arnold's quotation from Dante, and talk about it a little. I suppose Arnold was the first critic in English, perhaps the first anywhere, to set up "touchstones" for poetry—lines by which we are to measure poetry at large. The essay ends with a series of quotations, one of which is the famous line from Canto III of the *Paradiso: E la sua voluntade é nostra pace.* The line for Arnold is a perfect example of "high seriousness," the quality that only the best poetry achieves. The idea expressed is theologically fundamental; not only in Catholic doctrine but in Christendom as a whole our peace is the will of God. You will see presently that Matthew Arnold is doing the very thing that I have been warning you against, and that I constantly warn myself against. He is taking the religious idea out of the imaginative context of the poem. What Dante actually says is a great deal more than the abstract idea. A statement of doctrine is not literature. It must be returned to the human condition so that we are able to see the doctrine as *experienced.* For if literature is experience formalized, it must first of all show us what mankind is *doing.* The Church gives us the *doctrines* of Christianity; Christian literature gives us the *experience* of Christians. Arnold's failure to quote the entire passage leaves the experience out.

What Dante says in full is this: "His Will is our peace, it is that sea to which all moves that It creates and that nature makes." This makes the whole thing a horse of a very different color. The abstract doctrine about the Will of God is suddenly by a shift of focus placed in a physical dimension of experience—the sea. We get an experienced *image.* The Will of God is the sea, and It creates the sea; everything that God creates returns to that sea; everything that nature makes (the "natural order") returns to God. Not only is this not a mere statement of doctrine; it is spoken by a woman named Piccarda, whose special situation actualizes it as experience. This, and not the doctrine as such, is the crucial fact of the passage. Piccarda is saved but she is in the lowest heaven because she had only limited spiritual powers in this life. After she had taken religious vows she was snatched from her convent and married by force; but when her husband died she did not return to her vows. She is not equal to the full Beatific Vision but she is fully saved. This is doctrine, to which we assent, but we have seen that it is not enough for poetry. Yet it is highly appropriate that Piccarda should utter it. If she is at the bottom of heaven instead of at the top, she must accept her inferior position because it is the will of God that she should be there. She is acting and experiencing Christianity—the primary condition on which Christianity will consent to become poetry.

WHY THEY HELPED HITLER

SWORD AND SWASTIKA, by Telford Taylor (Simon and Schuster; $5).

HOW DID IT HAPPEN that Germany, a powerful and in many ways a highly civilized nation, succumbed to the ultimate barbarism of the Nazis? Has this madness been exorcised, or is there danger that it may return? In the continuing struggle between totalitarianism and democracy, on which side will she ultimately be aligned?

These are some of the questions Brig. Gen. Telford Taylor has set out to answer in a series of volumes of which this is the first. A Harvard-educated New York lawyer, during the Second World War he was in military intelligence for the U. S. Army, and after its end, he was chief of counsel in the trial of the German war criminals at Nuremberg. His book is mainly concerned with relations between the Nazis and the German officer caste during the 1930s; he ends his narrative with the beginning of 1940, following the conquest of Poland—a logical point at which to stop, since from that time forward, Hitler's authority over the Army was complete.

The story General Taylor tells in exhaustive detail is a disheartening one. In the beginning, the Army was more powerful than the Nazis and indeed, with its hereditary prestige, perhaps the most powerful single group in Germany. But like the industrialists, the professional men, and most of the political leaders, the officer caste had prestige without any real sense of responsibility, power without philosophy. It was never loyal to the Weimar Republic; from the very beginning, it sabotaged the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

The Army tried to use Hitler for its own ends—chiefly the restoration of Germany military dominance in Europe—and wound up being used by him. It had military skill but inertia; it was no match for the man who, driven by his insane ambition, was prepared for one reckless gamble after another. The history of their relationship was characteristically one where the Army insisted what he wanted was impossible, he went ahead anyhow, and finally succeeded. Even so, his grip on the Army was not really firm until 1938; he finally succeeded by means of scandal, making charges of homosexuality against high Army officers—some of these charges to be proved false years later, when it no longer mattered. When World War II broke out, the Army was still saying it was far from ready to fight.

Hitler was aided by the vacillation and cowardice of the British and French leaders (who, Taylor thinks, correctly represented the vacillation and war-weariness of the masses in their countries) and by the ostrich isolationism of the United States. A dozen times, firm action by the leaders of the democracies could have stopped Hitler and prevented the Second World War; a good example is the Nazis' occupation of the Rhineland, which would have been instantly halted if Britain or France had moved. A dozen times, short-sightedness or the failure of courage permitted Germany to go on. No doubt we are making similar mistakes today, and they will be grimly recorded by some Telford Taylor of 1975. BRUCE BLIVEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREEZY ORTHODOXY

MERE CHRISTIANITY, by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan; $2.75).

ACCORDING to Bernard Shaw, the more spirited element of the English clergy, in recoil from solemnity, are prone to behave like "bright, breezy schoolboys" determined to prove that there is "no nonsense about them." C. S. Lewis, who sprang to fame with *The Screwtape Letters*, four books ago is an ardent layman. Yet, somehow, while reading him, the Shavian stricture, long forgotten, comes irresistibly to mind. His present compilation, revised from three previous books and filled out by some later broadcasts, is a defense of traditional theology, as sincere as it is ingenious, "bright and breezy," with a hopeful air of there being "no nonsense about it."

There are good things in the book, kindly wisdom and generous insight. Mr. Lewis has breadth of humanity. But one feels that his dogmatism is at war with his temperament. His theology is narrower than he is, and because he does not wish it to confine him he goes to the opposite extreme and allows it to over-extend him. It is this that makes him boisterous. When goods are hard to sell, one must use whatever antics may be pleasing to the prospect.

The first section, called "Right and Wrong as a Clue to the Meaning of the Universe," is well argued. Mr. Lewis has a cognitive mind and the functional advantage of being well enough versed in his subject to be a fluently communicative teacher but not reflective enough to have learned that truth draws benefit from intervals of painful hesitation. One remembers Edna Millay's suggestion that there be an honest stutter now and then.

Not that this author feels no conflict between faith and doubt. One senses that he must be better than his book but that the need to press a case constrains him. He was once an atheist, he tells us, and has come to Christianity the hard way. When he was an atheist he "had moods in which Christianity looked terribly probable," but now, as a Christian, he is determined that his faith shall not depend upon "the weather and the state of [his] digestion."

"That is why faith is such a necessary virtue," he exhorts us. "Unless you teach your moods 'where they get off,' you can never be either a sound Christian or even a sound atheist." Which is doubtless true in its own way, and yet something seems to be missing.

Very remarkably, Mr. Lewis believes that he is speaking out for a "great common faith" which unites all Christians, "a faith which is palpable, immediate and unavoidable." Actually, he is an apologist for the entire dogmatic system of traditional Christianity, which even an orthodox theologian would scarcely describe as "palpable," and which some of the rest of us have found not very immediate nor even unavoidable.

The chapter of Sexual Morality, though "bright and breezy" and probably sanitary, is not entirely confident. Perfect chastity, we are told, is not attainable by merely human efforts. We must ask for God's help. But even when we have done so it may seem to us for a long time that no help is being given. "Never mind," says Mr. Lewis. "After each failure, ask forgiveness, pick yourself up and try again." This, it would seem, permits a comforting amount of leeway. And, as Mr. Lewis says, "it cures our illusions about ourselves and teaches us to depend upon God." Which may very well be helpful to us, but are we not rather losing sight of our chastity? But then it may not matter after all, for a prostitute may be further from hell than a "cold, self-righteous prig who goes regularly to church," Mr. Lewis warns us. And most of us, I think, will quite agree. "But of course," he concludes, "it is better to be neither." Which is an admirable sentiment but leaves the subject rather vague—pretty much the same at the end of the chapter as it was at the beginning.

Mr. Lewis's explanation of why Christian salvation does not always produce "wholesome, integrated personality" but in fact often leaves the saved more shabby characters than the condemned may not convince the hardened heart. Salvation, he says, is not intended to produce "nice people" though it would be pleasing if it would. What salvation produces is "new men." One wonders how this chapter would have sounded to the Man of Nazareth who seemed to place considerable emphasis on wholesome personality.

As to the chapter on "the Three-Personal God," this reviewer is confirmed in his opinion that theology, whether now or vintage, should be taken straight. Either that or left alone. It would be better if Mr. Lewis would just tell us about life as we live it, suggesting, if he likes, some wise improvements and some higher aims. He is one of the people who should leave theology alone. It is rugged stuff today, best handled by men like Paul Tillich.

A. POWELL DAVIES

BENTHAM REDIVIVUS

BENTHAM AND THE ETHICS OF TODAY, by David Baumgardt (Princeton; $9).

JEREMY BENTHAM is known to philosophers chiefly as the guiding spirit behind English utilitarianism: the founder of the school, but by no means its most important thinker. This post has almost unanimously been awarded to John Stuart Mill. In David Baumgardt's view, however, Mill is far less rigorous and systematic a thinker than Bentham, at least in the field of ethics; and in his new book, Baumgardt re-evaluates the historical place of Bentham in nineteenth-century English philosophy. In addition, he gives a systematic presentation of Bentham's thought designed to show its continuing relevance for modern ethical philosophy. The result is a masterly and impressive work, which combines the richness of the great tradition of German scholarship (Baumgardt was formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin) with the clarity and precision on which Anglo-American philosophy rightly prides itself.

By a scrupulous analysis of Bentham's published works, and by a constant and illuminating reference to a mass of unpublished material, Baumgardt proves that most criticisms of Bentham's ethical views are obviously misguided. Bentham, as so often repeated, never identified good with pleasure or self-interest; nor did he commit the naturalistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fallacy of confusing what "is" with what "ought to be." Instead, he carefully and consistently argued that, whatever motives men may have for their actions, the moral worth of these actions should be judged by an objective and impartial criterion. The only such criterion, according to Bentham, is pleasure and pain, the experience of the immediately valuable and disvaluable: and not only the pain experienced by the actor, but by all those implicated in the consequences of the act. Bentham, Baumgardt stresses, conceived of the utility principle as an *hypothesis*—an hypothesis allowing us to order our ethical judgments. (Bentham himself characterizes the utility principle as an "hypothesis" in a manuscript note, but this crucial fact has been overlooked up to the present.)

Time and again, Baumgardt turns from his minute and subtle analyses of Bentham's thought to compare Bentham's method with other types of ethical thinking. These comparisons range over the whole history of Western thinking, and, among the moderns, provide penetrating discussions of German phenomenological ethics (Scheler and Hartmann), English intuitive ethics (Moore and Ross), and French Existentialist ethics (Sartre and de Beauvoir). All these schools base their ethics on the intuition of *a priori moral* values which offer no objective criterion in a concrete ethical conflict: one intuition is a good as another. Nor is it of much help to be told by logical positivism, and other positivist philosophies, that ethical judgments are purely "emotive" because they cannot be verified by scientific procedures. In fact, Baumgardt argues, the utility principle offers a strict analogy with a scientific hypothesis.

> In physics . . . not all observations can be regarded as true [i.e., valid] but only those which do justice to hypotheses creating coherence between all the observations concerned; and in ethics not all feelings of happiness or all feelings of suffering can be regarded as moral but only those which do justice to the hypothesis of the maximization of happiness—a hypothesis harmonizing pleasure and pain.

Baumgardt, it should be noted, is far from being an uncritical Benthamite.

> I do not think [he says] that the moral philosophy we need today will be an uncritical adoption of Bentham's theory as it stands. This is precluded by the shortcomings of his psychology, by his extremely narrow religious and metaphysical views and even by many details of his ethical argument itself.

But Bentham's method, according to Baumgardt, still retains its fruitfulness, and his own book goes a long way toward proving this contention. One can only hope that it will stimulate, as it should, a much-needed re-thinking of Anglo-American ethics, whose increasing hyper-refinement cannot compensate for its lack both of vitality and realism.

JOSEPH FRANK

ACTUS TRAGICUS

ACT OF PASSION, by Georges Simenon (Prentice-Hall; $3.50).

PUBLISHED IN France under the title *Lettre à Mon Juge*, this fast, harsh novel is cast in the form of a letter from a murderer to the examining magistrate charged with the pre-trial investigation of his case. It is not a plea for mercy; it puts forward no claim of temporary insanity. The doctor-murderer purports to write it, in fact, because he does not want that claim—already made by his advocate—to stand in the magistrate's mind as an explanation of his crime. Instead he wishes it to be understood that he acted in full awareness, that he planned and executed the strangling of his mistress for sound and sane reasons which he expects the magistrate to understand once they are set down. What we, and presumably his *Juge*, will understand is that this is the letter of a madman, a man brought to madness by his attempt to possess completely the woman on whom he has fixed, and to take the place of every other human being in her life. Dr. Charles Alavoine is a would-be saviour who is himself destroyed—by the phantoms from which he frees his pathetic little barfly, and by the ravening compulsion which drives him to kill her, in order, as he says, to have with her "the totality of love."

These two are of the people who in a given time restore life to each other, and for that purpose are absolutely necessary to each other, but whose relationship continued thereafter can be in one sense or another fatal to both. The doctor is incapable of breaking away himself, but it seems likely that his restored and strengthened mistress may become aware of the necessity for eventual separation and capable of acting upon that necessity. If so, this potential capacity sensed in her by her lover may have been the unspoken, even unrecognized, motive for her murder.

Dr. Alavoine, an easy-going man, ruled first by his mother and then by a "perfect" wife, is seized by a terrible love and pity for Martine, a bedraggled, bibulous girl he runs into on a professional trip. Obviously promiscuous, scarred by Caesarean abortion, she has, however, never in her life obtained sexual release. Catching a glimpse of this trapped creature behind the brittle sophisticate who had only bored and irritated him, he finds himself almost incapable of breathing when she is out of his sight. Accordingly, he takes her home with him, deceives his wife, and makes the girl his office assistant, at the same time embarking on one of the most painful "cleansing" processes of all time. Over a considerable period, he extracts every painful detail of her past from her, always beating her soundly and thereafter making love to her. Martine submits to all this almost gladly, frightened by him and puzzled by such a passion as his, but nevertheless warmed to life by his devotion, after the bleak wandering of before. Dr. Alavoine, having finally loved and been loved by another human being, conquers his own submissiveness and unburdens himself, before his domineering wife, of all the accumulated resentment and dislike of years—a course of instruction she has long had coming to her. He insists on leaving his children and home and going to Paris to live with Martine. There they work like slaves at semi-charitable practice, and he fights the ghosts of Martine's past, which are now haunting him instead of her. Driven by these furies, he punishes her cruelly, and quietly decides that he must kill her in order to "free her completely" of her old self. To free himself of the memory is more probably his motive, and to free himself also of the fear of losing her—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it is clear by the end of the letter that his once life-giving love for Martine has become a distortion of itself, a desire to consume her.

Powerfully written, *Act of Passion* is as hard not to finish at a sitting as it would probably have been for the magistrate to whom it is addressed. With the clarity of vision the mad are said sometimes to possess, the murderer writes of his life and of some of the people about him, and Simenon makes us see, by implication but with clarity, some of the truth that Dr. Alavoine's obsession is obscuring from his eyes and his mind.

S. M. FITZGERALD

LUCIDITY—SIX VARIETIES

A SONG OF JOY AND OTHER POEMS, by Byron Herbert Reece (Dutton; $2.75). A MASK FOR JANUS, by W. S. Merwin (Yale; $2.50). MODERN AUSTRALIAN POETRY, edited by H. M. Green (Melbourne University Press; 17/6). POEMS, by Ridgley Torrence (Macmillan; $2). NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, by Thomas Hornsby Ferril (Harper; $3). RING SONG, by Naomi Replansky (Scribners; $2.50).

OUR POETS assembled for this particular review are almost all of them quite lucid. One, Byron Herbert Reece, is so lucid as to be just barely visible.

Mr. Reece's slick, depthless allegorical ballads, poems of adoration, and verses on Biblical and folk themes have received high praise from persons who imagine themselves fighting a gallant battle against "difficulty" and "obscurity." We are happy, at any rate, to report that a few of his shorter pieces (for instance, "Fruiting") are pleasing examples of work in the wryly sentimental lyric tradition.

Another sort of lucidity is to be found in W. S. Merwin's *A Mask for Janus*, the Yale Series of Younger Poets choice for this year. Merwin is a poet of twenty-four who seems to be learning more and more about his craft. He has seen clearly the general cultural drift and quietly set his own sights accordingly, without the usual whimperings *or* heroics:

> In fear of the swift bird that shouts and sees
> In these tides and dark entrails the curled
> Augurs of unreasonable seas
> We seek a new dimension for the world

W. H. Auden's introduction to this Yale selection, best in several years, suggests that Merwin, in addition to some very intelligent technical experimentation, has used subjects that are "universal and impersonal, frequently a myth" to get at the meaning of his own personal experience—thus reversing the usual procedure. Auden cites the witty-tragic poem "Dictum: For a Masque of Deluge," which combines a sort of Wallace Stevens elegance with a touch of Shakespearean parody to give shading, life, and beauty of form to what is basically a quite graceful exposition of man's predicament, as an excellent example of how these characteristics help shape Merwin's poetry. Most readers will find the "Anabasis" poems, the passionate and sophisticated "Meng Tzu's Song," the beautifully modulated "Ballad of John Cable and Three Gentlemen," and the love poems equally attractive and authoritative. To master a given form, as in his imitation of a medieval dance-of-death poem, Mr. Merwin does sometimes risk falling into mere flatness, and one would prefer to see him taking more chance the other way—toward some explosions of formal structure. But there is no questioning his genuine talent.

This reluctance to "take chances" such as were taken by many experimental poets of the 1920's and 1930's must be part of the general intellectual inhibition of the times, for it is now characteristic of English-language verse generally. For one instance, the technical conformism that runs throughout H. M. Green's very interesting anthology *Modern Australian Poetry* is one of its more noticeable general features, together with the fact that local or national color seems to have been reduced to a minimum. We have little space here for anything but the briefest notice, unfortunately, but we should at least catalogue some names. Thus, Kenneth Slessor's "Five Bells" is work of high distinction which, as Mr. Green suggests, should be familiar to all readers of modern English verse. And there is writing deserving a much closer scrutiny than the present one by Robert Fitzgerald, Judith Wright, James McAuley, A. D. Hope, Peter Hopegood, Muriel Lewis, Ian Mudie, and Ian Maxwell. None of these poems are sharply divergent in idiom or basic concerns from most British or American poetry today; these writers seem not to find any powerful impulse toward a common direction, though a sense of isolation, of struggle against the sterility of the environment, does come through—mostly as a complaint against the landscape.

It is good to have a new selected edition of Ridgely Torrence, who died two years ago. If he was not a poet who loaded every rift with ore, he was nevertheless the master of his own lyric vein; the influences of Housman and Robinson are certainly clear, but Torrence created his own delicate mode of affirmation and mood-spinning, and he can still take us unawares by his quick sympathies with the victims of war and prejudice and his unaffected response to ordinary human feelings:

> I heard an old farm-wife,
> Selling some barley,
> Mingle her life with life
> And the name "Charley."

Was he a sentimentalist, and does he deserve the "gossamer and old gauze" epithet bestowed on him by the Gregories? Undoubtedly, but he also glimpsed almost every major theme modern poetry was to explore and wrote with an earnest charm that is part of our tradition of real poetic idealism.

In the poems of Thomas Hornsby Ferril and Naomi Replansky we see two very divergent developments of this tradition. Ferril seeks to identify himself with the Far Western landscape and its history, and paradoxiacly to create an intensity at the heart of calm. A writer can be *too* calm, and Ferril's book lapses into some paroxysms of serenity. Nevertheless, despite a slight tendency to write like the Robert Frost of the West, his deep love for his physical environment and his mystical feeling for the vital principle of continuity underlying time and mutability—a feeling much resembling Whitman's—enter his poems and give them power and certainty. He has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fluency and a wide range of skills as image-maker, story-teller, and contemplater of myths, and well deserves the respect expressed in H. L. Davis' thoughtful introduction. Miss Replansky is temperamentally just Mr. Ferril's opposite. She is full of angers, nonconformisms and sharp observations that make her a true daughter of the critical thirties. Despite some political tendentiousness, her poems are alive and bright with color and feeling—high-strung, even shrill at times; bitterly humorous; and vulnerably feminine on the subjects of love and sorrow. Perhaps it is inevitable that a quick, flashing talent like hers should also be a hasty one, for it is often true that her poems give the effect of having been set down with not quite enough revision, or with less than full development. These are serious objections, especially since Miss Replansky seems capable of writing much more durable verse than most of the present collection offers us.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

OF THE GOLDEN AGE

ELIZABETH POETRY, by Hallet Smith (Harvard; $5).

THIS HISTORY of six Elizabethan poetic genres (pastorals, Ovidian poems, sonnets, satires, poems to music, and heroic poetry) is pedestrian in the best sense: the pedestrian is the man who covers the ground most thoroughly. Professor Smith's painstaking scholarship is present for all to see as he applies the poem to the genre and the genre to the poem. He shines particularly when he is characterizing Sidney's odd combination of simple directness and studied insincerity, distinguishing between the Stoic satire of Joseph Hall and the malcontent satire of John Marston, or rejecting the common practice of studying literature by hunting allusions. These arguments rest solidly on a bedrock of footnote and paraphrase. But where Professor Smith falters is where there are nuances ironies to be observed; thus he remarks that Tamburlaine exhibits the anti-pastoral trait of ambition but fails to note that the world-conqueror is himself a former shepherd.

Elizabethan Poetry adds little to the literature of controversy. The analysis of *The Faerie Queene* as a heroic poem rather than an allegory ably supports the contention that the Renaissance really was a Renaissance and not a continuation of the Middle Ages. Partisans of a "modern," non-Spenserian tradition in Elizabethan poetry will find little encouragement: with Wyatt and Donne excluded on the basis of chronology, Gascoigne, Ralegh, and Fulke Greville, are practically ignored, apparently because there is no chapter on the lyric. Still in spite of its deliberate avoidance of "newfangleness," this is a study that is obviously going to be very useful.

HENRY POPKIN

FROM BOSWELL'S ORBIT

PORTRAITS, by Sir Joshua Reynolds (McGraw-Hill; $3.75).

"THE PROPER STUDY of mankind is man," observed the 18th century's great poet. The great painter of the age was a painter of portraits—Sir Joshua Reynolds. As he studied his fellow-men to depict their outsides, he shrewdly observed what they were like inside, and what he could not say with his brush he would say with his pen.

"His close study of the characters of men," remarked his friend Edmond Malone, "for which he was remarkable, proceeded chiefly from the delight he felt in considering man under all his varieties."

Every reader who feels that delight will welcome this volume, the third of the Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell. In the Reynolds *Portraits* he will improve acquaintance with some of the most fascinating personalities of the Age of Reason, shrewdly observed by a humane contemporary, and judiciously illuminated by the scholarship of the editor, Frederick Hilles.

Reynolds, urbane, agreeable, drew to himself an affectionate circle of distinguished men, and painted their portraits with words and pigment: actor David Garrick, who was always putting on a show; writer Oliver Goldsmith, who was silly according to plan; Johnson and his Boswell. The latter had thoughts of making himself Reynolds' Boswell too, and thus he acquired these papers. They turned up in the stable at Malahide in 1940. The Reynolds part of the trove, aside from his pen-portraits of Garrick and Goldsmith, was no great matter—a few letters and memoranda, a pedestrian bit of irony upon art, and a few notes about Reynolds by Boswell. In order to give Reynolds a volume by himself, the editor has pieced it out by reprinting from other manuscript sources Reynolds' observations on Johnson, which indeed are very worth re-reading.

Even with this addition, Reynolds can hardly compete in interest with the wild young Boswell of the *London Journal*, or even with the much sobered young law student, *Boswell in Holland*. But it is captious to complain. "Sir, give us anecdote," said Dr. Johnson; and what Reynolds lacks in anecdote the editor gives us in his smooth introductory essays. McGraw-Hill has made the whole into another handsome volume, lavishly illustrated and very modestly priced.

"The book-sellers," observed Dr. Johnson, "are a good-natured set of men." He would certainly have applied this remark to McGraw-Hill's handling of the Boswell Papers, which continue to deserve the support of every scholar and every lover of good reading.

LILLIAN DE LA TORRE

DRAMA AND DRAMATISTS

THE RESTORATION COMEDY OF WIT, by Thomas H. Fujimura (Princeton; $4).

RESTORATION COMEDY has been successfuly dodging immortality charges for nearly three centuries. Readers in search of the spicy have long pretended merely to sharpen their intellects on it. Scholars and critics, with the fine secret love of pornography the period requires, have provided apologia claiming that its universe was artificial, and evolved with the free improvisation of a harlequinade; that, anyway, manners not morals are involved; and that graceful style and verbal by-play are its chief enhancements. Now, Professor Fujimura urges us to drop these evasive illusions, examine its contemporary setting of ideas,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rechristen it "Comedy of Wit," and begin enjoying Restoration comedy for what is really is, philosophic libertinism.

Fujimura reveals the Restoration playwrights as Hobbesian naturalists, operating on hedonic principles and using reason sceptically to attack dogmatism, "enthusiasm," and hypocrisy. Wit he takes as a faculty of perfect judgment in the few chosen "Truewits" who lived empirically according to the "new philosophy." As a weapon, wit was used to whip "Witwoud" pretenders and "Witless" unfortunates. As art, Fujimura would have us applaud the wit techniques of similitude, paradox, and antithesis.

This is undoubtedly the scholarly apparatus one needs to understand the intentions of Restoration comedy, but does it improve the plays? Fujimura's bibliography strangely neglects L. C. Knights, who has effectively rejected the "manners" school and also charges, uniquely, it seems, that Restoration comedy is dull; which, for the most part, it is: shallow, repetitious, and easily exhausted. The modes of thought Fujimura lauds in the plays are more fully realized in a minor figure like Halifax and achieve greatness in Swift. As art, they are more profitably traced in the poetry of Dryden and Pope. And as for spice, the common reader has probably already turned to Boswell's journals, a work likely to prove, with three or four exceptions, superior to the whole corpus of Restoration comedy, be it conned for manners or wit.

THEODORE HOFFMAN

THE SELECTED PROSE OF BERNARD SHAW (Dodd, Mead; $6.50).

IF A NUMBER of Shaw volumes were not available in the Penguin Series one would find the publishing of Shaw in the U.S. wholely unsatisfactory. Neither the one-volume *Collected Plays* nor the one-volume collection of Prefaces has ever been released here. The cheap and charming Standard Edition has to be imported from England. In this country the idea seems to be to make you buy some of Shaw's works several times over because there are others you can't buy at all. *Nine Plays* contains prefaces to plays that are not in the volume; it also overlaps a three volume *Selected Plays*. That the new volume *Selected Prose* overlaps with others might be no fault, since it is by definition a sampling, yet one cannot but regret that the editor (and author of an undistinguished preface) missed this opportunity to exhume such masterpieces as "On Going to Church," and "William Morris as I Knew Him," as well as some of the key documents of Shaw's career such as "The Case for Equality," "A Dramatic Realist to his Critics," and "In Praise of Guy Fawkes," not to mention gems buried in the books of others (Leonard Woolf's *International Government* or Lillah McCarthy's *Myself and my Friends*). Instead Mr. Russell reprints excerpts from novels which are in print (and who reads excerpts from novels anyway?) On the other hand, it should be said that the volume as a whole is highly readable; it is after all by Shaw; many of the choices are right, though obvious; one or two—notably, the piece on Beerbohm Tree and the preface to *Killing for Sport*—are right and not obvious.

E. B.

THE RIVER LINE, by Charles Morgan (St. Martin's, $1.75).

This is a handsome and cheap edition of a play that has been produced in Britain and ought to be produced over here. The plot is powerful, the dialogue is on a high plane of intelligence, the theme is one that deeply concerns everybody, namely, the degree of my responsibility, and yours, for the atrocities of our "age of violence."

In a French survey of modern British drama, I find the name of Charles Morgan singled out with those of Yeats, O'Casey, and Eliot, as one that every Gallic schoolboy should know. Whether we must agree to place Morgan so far in the forefront of dramatic art or not, we must prefer the French hospitality toward his work to the almost total ignorance of it that reigns in this country. Morgan may be no Eliot, yet if *The Cocktail Party* was worth doing, so is this new play which has not a little in common with it, *The River Line*.

E. B.

HELLMAN'S INDIGNATION

by Eric Bentley

IT ISN'T that one asks her to be Shakespeare. The genre to which *The Children's Hour* belongs is an honorable, if not a major, one. Call it the publicist's drama, the drama of indignation. In such drama we shall not expect to feel the emotion of characters as strongly as the author's animus. We shan't ask what such a dramatist has created, we ask who is the enemy this time, and how clearly the dramatist has made us see him.

The material from which *A Children's Hour* is made suggests two stories. The first is a story of heterosexual teachers accused of Lesbianism; the enemy is a society which punishes the innocent. The second is a story of Lesbian teachers accused of Lesbianism; the enemy is a society which punishes Lesbians. Now, since either one of these stories could make an acceptable indignant play, we could scarcely be surprised if a playwright tried to tell them both at once. But this is not quite what Miss Hellman does. She spends the greater part of the evening on the first story. In fact the indignation she arouses in us has but one source—our impression that the charge of Lesbianism is unfounded, an impression reinforced by everyone's holy horror whenever the subject comes up. Then, in the last few minutes, we learn that one of the teachers *is* Lesbian. But it is too late for Miss Hellman to tell Story Two and spell out its moral. The "guilty" teacher kills herself, and the curtain comes down. Taking the play as a technical exercise, we could praise this ending as clever, or damn it as clumsy, but if we are interested in Miss Hellman's indignation, and especially if, during the evening, she has induced us to share it, we are bound to feel cheated. We are told that the play has been revived because of the current red scare. Now suppose it had been about teachers accused of communism, that for over two acts we had been asked to boil with indignation at the wrongness of the accusation, only to find, towards the close of act three, that one of the pair *did* harbor communist sympathies? Of course, a play can favor communism; a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

non-communist play can favor the toleration of communists; but these very different plays cannot be squeezed into the last ten minutes of a play protesting at the incrimination of non-communists.

Or can they? The political analogy suggests not only the logical weakness of Miss Hellman's position but also the historical and psychological path along which she reached it. Is it not in politics, rather than the theatre, that we have witnessed this drama before? Mr. A would say it was infantile to accuse Mr. B of communism—"after all you've accused of communism nowadays if your hair is red"—and yet, later, when Mr. B did come out with communist views, Mr. A was neither displeased nor surprised. In the thirties, Mr. A would have said that of course an Alger Hiss was not a spy and then, if the espionage had been proved, he would have said, well, the Soviet Union is a special case . . . *The Children's Hour* has nothing directly to do with communism, but it was written in the thirties, and is the product of the dubious idealism of that time. Commenting on the play, Miss Hellman wrote: "I am a moral writer, often too moral a writer." As a man's feeling of being moral increases, his awareness of moral issues declines. The "too moral" writer takes everything for granted.

For example, her antagonists. In *The Children's Hour* there are three: cowardice (Mrs. Mortar), credulity (Mrs. Tilford), and sheer evil (Mary). In each case, Miss Hellman counts on our having our response ready. Our hatred of cowardice is to put the flesh and blood on the skeleton from Broadway farce which is all the author provides. Our understanding of credulity is relied on to make plausible an old lady's believing the villian's unplausible accusations: no character is created of whom we must say, "*she* of course would have believed." Finally, our being against sin is supposed to assure our hatred of a villain's unexplained villainy. I for one would not insist on a psychological explanation of evil (though such an explanation would be in place in drama of this sort) but if you don't explain it psychologically, you must either explain it some other way, or *create* it, as the Elizabethans did. Miss Hellman's villain is a *diabolus ex machina* not simply lowered onstage at the end but smuggled in at the outset.

This villain is a child. Instead of the sweet little chee-ild done to death by the tyrannical teacher we have the sweet little teacher done to death by the tyrannical child—an inversion of orthodox melodrama which would be all very well if the values of melodrama, as well as the roles, were inverted. But Miss Hellman is a melodramatist, first, in seeing life as a melodrama insofar as she sees it at all and, second, in being less concerned to see life than to manipulate it. Admittedly, the audience at the Coronet is not concerned with the moral ambiguities I find inherent in the play. As far as I could observe, they are busy being delightedly shocked at two phenomena: Lesbianism and wickedness in a child.

Sometimes in the couse of the evening one has the impression of an author let down by a director. The actors seem lost. Two of our leading realistic actresses (Patricia Neal and Kim Hunter) are on stage but have not been given anything to play. The apparatus of naturalistic stage-design is also there but it remains a background. You'd think the old lady (Katherine Emmet) was in a hotel rather than her own home, she doesn't care which chair she sits in or how much she marches around. One of the younger ladies agrees it's terribly cold but sits as far as possible from the stove. . . . The director was Miss Hellman herself, and the chief fault of the direction is sharing the faults of the script instead of correcting them. Everything on stage seems unreal, inorganic, unrelated to everything else. To make matters worse, the director seems to know it, seems to be striving to galvanize a mechanical monster into life. Hence there is an absence of genuine passion not only in the individual characters but in the whole production, and nothing in its place but the dead, ugly pressure of will-power. Since indignation is a genuine passion, I adjudge *The Children's Hour*, on its own terms, a failure.

New York's dirty politics exposed!

THE RAT RACE

by Edward Rager
former N. Y. City Councilman

A shocking expose of the unholy alliance between politics, vice and crime in New York. More sensational than anything the Crime Investigating Committee may uncover—by a man who witnessed the "deals" being made.

$3.50. At bookstores, or:
VANTAGE PRESS • 120 W. 31 St., N.Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS! TV MINDED? You do not have to be a television writer to write for TV. Outline, synopsis, plot, etc., will suffice. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SAY? Perhaps we can publish your book. We emphasize creative editing and re-writing of worth-while nonfiction. Send manuscript for details of corporative publishing plan. Trend Publishers, Box B, 41 West 33rd Street, New York City.

INVESTMENTS

MUTUAL FUNDS: The Modern Way to Invest. For information on periodic and single investment plans write: Box 7, The New Republic, 40 East 29th Street, New York City.

ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT

TOP GRADE, TREE RIPENED, INDIAN RIVER GRAPEFRUIT AND ORANGES, freshly picked, tastefully packed. Grand for eating, juice, gifts. Guaranteed. Express prepaid. Bushel $6.50. Half bushel $4.50. (East of Miss.)
James H. Hart
Island Groves, Route 2, Cocoa, Florida.

PEP
Pamphlets

• Single copies of the broadsheets issued by Political and Economic Planning (London) may still be purchased from the New Republic for 25c cash postpaid. The most recent issues are:

#332 The Sterling Area—I
#332 The Sterling Area—II
#333 Land-Use Planning
#348 New Thinking on Monopoly
#334 The Control of Investment
#335 The Gramophone Record
#336 The Prospects
#337 Home Ownership
#338 The Future of Leasehold
#339 Exports—A Longer View.
#340 The World's Food
#341 Film Business
#342 France—Some Economic Factors

Price 25¢—Order from
The New Republic
40 EAST 49 STREET New York 17, N. Y.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 301 N. ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Year's Resolution

MILLIONS of Americans must have resolved on New Year's Day to do what they could to help keep the Stevenson spirit strong during 1953.

That also is the resolve of the *New Republic*. While being scrupulously fair in appraising the incoming administration and supporting it when it is right, the editors will strive to keep fresh the memory of Stevenson's depth and vision, and to carry forward the kind of discussion for which he set the model during the campaign.

On this page we have asked our readers to help meet the challenge of Stevenson's defeat by helping the *New Republic* get new readers. The response has exceeded by far anything in our long experience.

Yet the *New Republic* needs many more thousands of new readers if it is to continue to wage the kind of battle expected of it as a representative of the unrepresented millions who look forward to Great Tomorrows.

In this battle the *New Republic* does not enjoy the subsidy of commercial advertising that so largely supports the one-party press. It is dependent upon its readers for the revenue it needs to meet rising costs.

Please resolve for the New Year to back the magazine which is yours. Edited in Washington, close to the sources of vital news and decisions, the *New Republic* reports and informs. But it does more than that—it provides a link and a bond between like-minded people, wherever they may be, who find their newspapers and commentators inadequate and unsatisfactory.

Below is an order blank. Please send as many gift 13-week subscriptions as you can to start 1953. For only $1.00 each, you can introduce the *New Republic* to your friends.

---------- TEAR OFF HERE ----------

13 WEEKS FOR $1.00 SPECIAL OFFER

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

For the enclosed $..... please send the New Republic for the next 13 weeks to the following:

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

The Charles C. Sherrod Library 1-5-53
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED